The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 153. Vol. XXVI. JUNE, 1904. Price Sixpence.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

In presenting to our readers an interesting collection of illustrations in the special number of The Bookman dealing with Three Nature Writers—Izaak Walton, Gilbert White, and Richard Jefferies—we have to express our indebtedness to Mr. R. B. Marston for the loan of his beautiful edition of "The Compleat Angler," from which he has permitted us to reproduce several illustrations; to Mr. John Lane for drawings by Edmund H. New from "The Compleat Angler" and "The Natural History of Selborne"; to Richard and Cherry Kearton for several of their charming nature photographs, reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd., from "The Natural History of Selborne"; to Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. for drawings by D. Y. Cameron, E. J. Sullivan, and Herbert Railton from their editions of "The Compleat Angler" and "The Natural History of Selborne"; to Mr. Arthur Young for the loan of pictures from "Jefferies' Land" and "Early Fiction of Jefferies"; to Mr. Stapleton Martin and Messrs. Chapman and Hall for permitting us to include two illustrations from "Izaak Walton and His Friends"; to Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. for a portrait of Richard Jefferies by W. Strang; and to Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. for illustrations by E. J. Sullivan from "The Compleat Angler."

Mr. Perceval Gibbon.
A review of whose novel, "Souls in Bondage," appears in this number.

"The Lady of Loyalty House" is the title of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's new novel, which Messrs. Methuen and Co. will publish towards the end of next September. Messrs. Harper and Brothers will, as usual, publish the American edition of the book.

Mrs. Croker's new novel, "The Happy Valley," the scene of a great part of which is laid in Norway, promises to be as popular as any book she has ever written. It is at present being published serially in the *Ladies' Field*, and will later on be issued by Messrs. Methuen and Co. in book form.

Arrangements have recently been made for the publication of a French translation of Mr. A. J. Balfour's "Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade." German, Danish, and Italian translations of the pamphlet have already been published.

We hear that Mr. J. H. M. Abbott is now permanently installed here as London correspondent of one of the most important of the Australasian newspapers. Our readers will remember Mr. Abbott as the author of "Tommy Cornstalk," undoubtedly

the best book on the war written from the Colonial point of view.

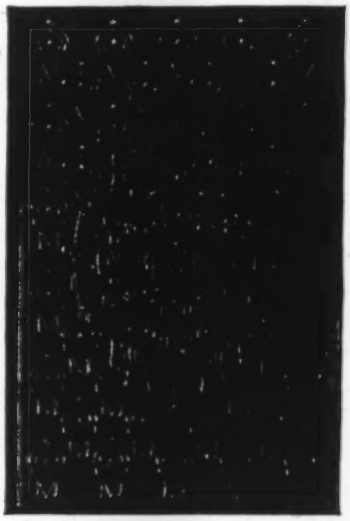
The valuable library of the late Mr. Dykes Campbell is to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge on June 13th and following days. The catalogue shows that Mr. Campbell had accumulated a very valuable collection, mainly in Victorian literature. His Coleridge library includes many first editions, an original set of the "Friend," an extremely rare "Moral and Political Lecture," delivered at Bristol, the large paper edition of "Osorio," and other items. But perhaps the chief value of the Coleridge books consists in the numerous marginal and interlinear notes by Mr. Campbell himself. There are seven volumes of a collection of reviews and articles from periodicals and magazines. The very scarce edition of Hazlitt's earliest work, an essay on the "Principles of Human Action," is in the list, and there are some first editions of Charles Lamb, including "John Woodvil." There is a copy of Coventry Patmore's 1844 volume of poems, with a MS. note on the flyleaf, "Great part of this volume was written while printer's devil was waiting in the hall for the copy." Mr. Campbell's Walter Scott collection, which was very valuable, does not seem to be represented at all, and has probably been sold privately. The suppressed volume of Eric Mackay, "Vox Clamantis," 1886, has a certain interest. There is a fair number of autograph letters.

Major-General Wauchope, C.B.,

Whose "Life," by Sir George Douglas, Bart., has just been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

From the painting by Sir George Reid, R.S.A.

The late Sir H. M. Stanley had a marked interest in literature, and a very notable literary faculty. He was a member of some of the London clubs where bookmen gathered, and in particular of the Johnson Club, which he attended with fair regularity till his health began to break down. For the most part he was silent, but he followed with keen attention whatever was going on. Sir Henry was an honorary member of the Whitefriars Club, and in the journal of that society it is recorded that he was present at one time when the subject of conversation had reference to travel. Sir Henry then gave a most impressive and thrilling narrative of the rescue of a party of his carriers from a position of peril at the breaking of a cataract on a river in South Africa. Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., Stanley's publishers, were from first to last on the friendliest terms with him, and they are issuing his chief books in a still more popular form.



The Cover of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's new novel, "The Queen's Quair," which is to be published this month by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. The design is adapted from an old binding of some centuries ago.

"Capricious Caroline" is the title of the new novel by Madame Albanesi, which begins its serial publication in the *Times* Weekly Edition this month. The story will be published in book form by Messrs. Methuen and Co. in the autumn.

Mr. Charles Garvice, whose novels have hitherto been better known in America than in this country, is to publish a new story with Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. during the forthcoming autumn season.

The dramatisation of Mr. Stanley Weyman's novel, "A Gentleman of France," which was so successful during its run in America, is to be produced here at the Avenue Theatre in the early part of the month, under the management of Mr. Murray Carson.

The new departure of the *Times* in lowering its price to annual subscribers and in undertaking a great campaign for the increase of its circulation attracts much attention. The advertising is understood to be in the hands of those who made so great a success of the instalment sale of the Encyclopædia Britannica. It is evidently going to be conducted on a very great scale, and it may be that the amazing success of the

The Window in Prior Silkstede's Chapel, Winchester Cathedral, to be filled with stained glass in memory of Izaak Walton.
Photo by W. T. Green, Winchester.

Encyclopædia Britannica will be repeated in the case of the *Times*. If so, literary men will rejoice, for the *Times* Literary Supplement has been conducted from the first with conspicuous ability and fairness. Such contributors as Mr. Quiller Couch, Mr. Walkley, and Mr. Thomas Seccombe give its pages distinction.

It is proposed to place a memorial window above the grave of Izaak Walton in one of the side chapels of the South Transept in Winchester Cathedral. The chapel is lighted by a window of considerable size, with beautiful tracery in the decorated style which prevailed at the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth centuries. This is to be filled with stained glass in memory of the author who is interred immediately beneath. The cost will be about £400, and the work is to be entrusted to the eminent artist Mr. C. E. Kempe, who has already designed five of the existing windows in the Cathedral. Contributions to the fund are received by Mr. F. Bowker, Junr., 17, Southgate Street, Winchester. Among the subscribers are the Earl of Northbrook, Sir Edward Grey, the Marquess of Granby, Sir Herbert Maxwell, and many others.

Mr. Perceval Gibbon, author of "Souls in Bondage," has been a contributor of prose and verse to London papers for several years, and last year collected his poems into a volume, "African Items" (Elliot Stock), which had a large vogue in South Africa. He has recently written many short stories, and has become a regular contributor on literary subjects to the *World*. He is now at work on a novel which, like his last, owes its inspiration to South Africa, but is impregnated with a sunnier optimism than "Souls in Bondage." Mr. Gibbon has travelled very widely, and has not spent twelve consecutive months in England for over ten years. A story by him, "The Idealist," is to appear in *Blackwood's Magazine* for June.

The play founded upon Mrs. Croker's well-known novel, "Terence," which was produced last year in America, has been a very great success. It has been running for more than ten months, and has been presented to crowded audiences in New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, etc., etc.

Mr. R. W. Chambers has recently completed the manuscript of a new novel, entitled "In Search of the Unknown." As at present arranged it will be published in book form in America in the autumn of this year, and, of course, simultaneously in this country.

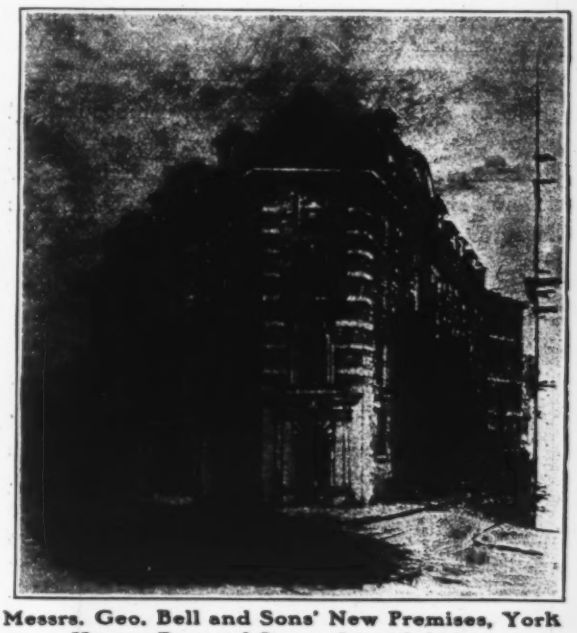
We hear that the proprietors of the *Lady's World* have been so fortunate as to be able to induce Mrs. B. M. Croker to write a serial for publication in their periodical at an early date.

Mr. Bertram Mitford is at present enjoying a brief holiday in Rome.

Mr. Le Queux is expected to be in England within the next week or two, and presumably will not return to his Italian home until later in the year.

We note with much regret the death of the *Pilot*. Under its able and experienced editor, Mr. Lathbury, the paper maintained a very high literary standard. In the leaders Mr. Frederick Greenwood's trenchant pen could be recgonised easily, and Mr. Lathbury had a welcome also for younger writers of promise. The journal appealed specially to Liberal High Churchmen, but the editor has been forced to the conclusion that the numbers of that persuasion are not increasing. At the start of the *Pilot*, Bishop Gore and Canon Sanday were among its promoters, and we understand that recently Earl Beauchamp has been prominently identified with the undertaking. It is apparently almost impossible to establish in this country a new high-priced weekly. But the *Spectator* more than holds its own.

Another venture which has disappeared is the *New Liberal Review*, which under the management of Mr.



Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons' New Premises, York House, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn.
From a lithograph by T. R. Way.

Miss Margery Williams,
The clever author of "The Price of Youth."

Lawrence published some excellent literary articles. The experiment of a shilling review, employing the ablest writers and paying them on a liberal scale, is apparently very hazardous. The failure of the *New Review*, which under Mr. Archibald Gore had a strong staff of contributors, will be remembered, and Mr. Henley did not succeed in making it pay when the price was increased.

Mr. E. V. Lucas hopes to publish his monumental life of Charles Lamb in February, 1905. The book has been for some time practically completed, but new material is still coming in, and publication has thus been postponed.

New Writers.

MISS MARGERY WILLIAMS.

A WRITER whose work is at the present moment arousing considerable interest, not only in this country, but in America, is Miss Margery Williams, author of "The Price of Youth," a book which is so intimately and locally American in its scenes, characters and dialect as to make the fact of its having been written by an Englishwoman difficult of credence. Miss Williams, who is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Robert Williams, a well-known English barrister and journalist, was born in England, and remained in this country until at the age of nine she crossed the Atlantic and passed more or less of the ten succeeding years on the other side. Whilst living in Philadelphia, she spent many of the summer months in New Jersey, and there obtained the opportunity of making a close study of certain American provincial types, which she reproduces from life with remarkable truth, and sets in a vividly realistic American provincial atmosphere.

Miss Williams showed a talent for writing in her earliest years, and possesses the invaluable stock-in-trade of the young author, faith and confidence in the development of her own powers. Her first serious work was commenced at the age of seventeen, but did not immediately command success. Some short articles from her pen appeared in Philadelphia newspapers, and her first novel, "The Late Returning," was submitted on completion to Mr. William Heinemann, and accepted by that publisher. The book was issued in America with the imprint of the Macmillan Company. It was followed shortly by a second novel, "Spendthrift Summer," which was much more English in character than "The Late Returning," and, probably on this account, did not make its appearance on the other side of the Atlantic.

The author of "The Price of Youth" regards her latest work in the nature of a sketch or study for a more ambitious novel which she is now writing and which will deal with the same locality, her theme being more boldly drawn on a larger canvas. The people and surroundings of New Jersey appeal to her interest very strongly. Her Jerseymen and Jerseywomen have been compared to the Cape Ann Fisherfolk of "Captains Courageous" in realism and vitality, and are held to be even superior to Kipling's characters in the accuracy of their local dialect.

There is very little of the autobiographical in Miss Williams's writing, for she makes a rule of regarding her main characters as far as possible from an entirely external standpoint. Her minor characters are drawn from persons of her acquaintance, with a view, however, always to present the type rather than the individual.

It has been said of Miss Williams that she has studied in the schools of Meredith, Zola, and Balzac, three writers with whose work she is, curiously enough, by no means familiar. She admits, however, that she has been largely influenced by Stephen Crane, whose books she read with intense appreciation.

Miss Williams, who is still in her early twenties, wields a fearless pen. She believes that everything may be said if only it be said in the right way. Her portrait here reproduced is a recent one, and faithfully represents the likeness of a novelist who has only to proceed as she has begun to achieve a considerable amount of success in the near future.

NORMAN DUNCAN.

AMONG the writers who are rapidly rising to prominence a foremost place must be given to Mr. Norman Duncan, author of "The Way of the Sea," which has earned for him the proud title of "An Eng-

lish Pierre Loti." Mr. Duncan, who is a Canadian, was until recently on the reporting staff of one of the New York dailies. From New York he proceeded to Washington, and was there elected Wallace Professor of Rhetoric, a position which he still holds. His duties being light, Mr. Duncan finds it possible to devote a good deal of time to literature.

With the exception of articles for the supplement of *The New York Evening Post*, Mr. Duncan's earliest work was in the form of short stories dealing with life in the Syrian Quarter of New York City. These appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* and *McClure's Magazine*. A volume of stories on similar lines was published by Messrs. McClure, Phillips and Co., and while it did not have a popular sale, it produced a distinct impression in the literary world. During this period Mr. Duncan was still doing regular work for the *Post*, in the office of which newspaper he found much consideration and encouragement.

Wearying of the atmosphere of the Syrian Quarter, Mr. Duncan was next seized by an impulse to write of the sea. Having passed the whole of his life inland, he found it necessary to choose a locality suitable for the study of his subject, and after some deliberation he decided that the Newfoundland coast was the most likely to yield the material he required. Entering into an arrangement with *McClure's Magazine*, he left for the shores of Newfoundland in 1900, and there spent three summers, followed by a fourth on the coast of Labrador. His method was to live as far as possible as the fisherfolk lived, to listen to their talk, to join them at work, in fact to be among and of them—and out of this life his stories grew, for he watched with keen insight the conflict between the temperament of the fishermen and their environment, and was thus enabled to present to his readers more sympathetically than perhaps has ever been presented before, graphic pictures of the courageous life of the fisherfolk and the relentless might and mystery of the sea. Mr. Norman Duncan is at present putting the finishing touches to his most ambitious work, a long novel of Labrador life, which will be published this autumn, under the title of "The Coming of the Champion."

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

APRIL 18TH TO MAY 18TH, 1904

During the past month the Trade has been compelled to assume the Micawber-like attitude of waiting for something to turn up, and a series of spasms would aptly describe the condition of business in general. For a few days together a sufficient improvement would be effected to justify roseate views of the immediate future, but, alas, they proved of a transient nature, and a relapse speedily followed to absolute dulness.

Broadly speaking, the transactions of the month have consisted chiefly of the two extremes in fiction, the Sixpenny and the Six-Shilling. Of the latter the output has been numerous, but of the new ventures few have been to any extent notable in regard to the sales, a noticeable exception being "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnston; but a goodly number of earlier issues have enjoyed a continued amount of popularity, amongst which have been "Rulers of Kings," "Original Woman," "Masqueraders," "Incomparable Bellairs," "Souls in Bondage," "The Vineyard," and "Uriah the Hittite." The latter volume was the cause of some little perplexity to a member of the trade by its being ordered under the title of "Urry the High Tide"; booksellers may be pardoned for, in some cases, not at once recognising the work in request.

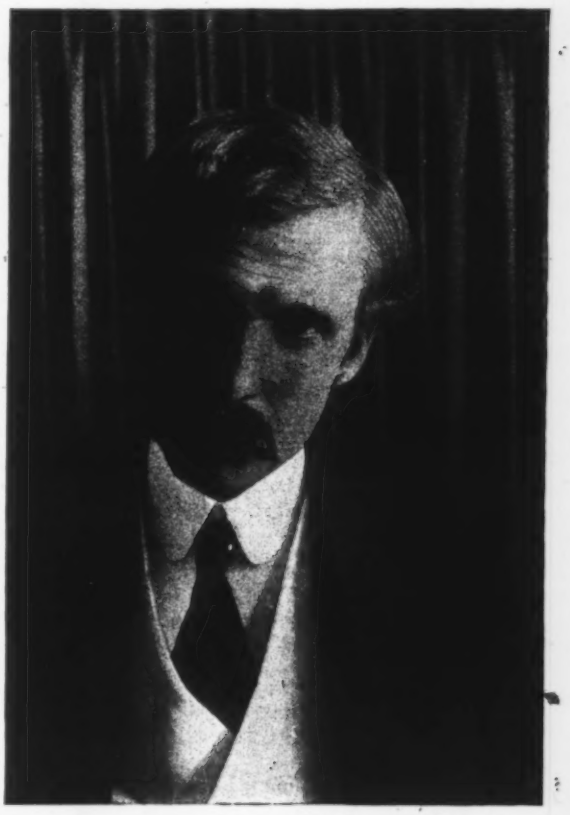
The latest volume in the Highways and Byways Series dealing with Sussex, of which Mr. E. V. Lucas is the author, has been a very successful issue.

In biography, the foremost place must be assigned to the Autobiography of Herbert Spencer. The lives of Cardinal Newman, by W. Barry, and of Matthew Arnold, by G. W. E. Russell, have continued to sell freely. The cheap edition of Professor Villari's Life of Savonarola has also continued to be steadily in request.

The new volume "Rome in Ireland," by M. J. F. McCarthy, whose previous works commanded such large sales, appeared as we closed our last report, and has attracted attention.

The re-issue of several volumes of the formerly well-known By-Paths of Bible Knowledge has met with a ready response, the most popular being "The Hittites," by Professor Sayce, and "Monumental Facts," by the same author.

The death of the famous Hungarian novelist Maurus



Mr. Norman Duncan,
Whose new book, "The Way of the Sea," is reviewed in another column.

Jókai, caused a slightly increased demand for several of his best known works.

The war in the East has called forth several new works, more or less pertinent to the countries affected, but unfortunately its influence has not been sufficient to effect sales to any marked extent, although undoubtedly the continued success of the work on Japanese Physical Training has been due to the amount of attention called to the little nation which has loomed so prominently. A pendent volume on Training for Women has, however, not caught on so readily.

The death of Sir H. M. Stanley has so far not greatly affected the trade in as much as his books are concerned.

The opening of the Summer Exhibition at the Royal Academy and New Gallery, has resulted in a numerous issue of illustrated handbooks which have sold more or less freely.

Sixpenny Reprints have again materially increased in demand. It is difficult to note the most successful issues, as this class is usually ordered in assorted quantities, but we may note that the late Dean Farrar's "Eternal Hope," which originally caused such a flutter in religious circles, has just appeared in this popular form and has sold freely.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

Sir Mortimer. By Mary Johnston. (Constable.)
The Magnetic North. By Elizabeth Robins. (Heinemann.)
Uriah the Hittite. By Dolf Wyllarde. (Heinemann.)
Tomaso's Fortune. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
Rulers of Kings. By Gertrude Atherton. (Macmillan.)
Original Woman. By F. F. Moore. (Hutchinson.)
Souls in Bondage. By Perceval Gibbon. (W. Blackwood.)
The Incomparable Bellairs. By A. and E. Castle. (Constable.)
Masqueraders. By "Rita." (Hutchinson.)
Dorothea. By M. Maartens. (Constable.)
The Woman with the Fan. By R. Hichens. (Methuen.)
Love's Proxy. By Richard Bagot. (E. Arnold.)
The Vineyard. By John Oliver Hobbes. (Unwin.)

Japanese Physical Training. By Hancock. 5s. net. (Putnam.)
Highways and Byways of Sussex. By E. V. Lucas. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Autobiography of Herbert Spencer. 2 vols. 28s. net. (Williams and Norgate.)
Newman. By W. Barry. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Matthew Arnold. By G. W. E. Russell. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Quiet Talks on Power. By S. D. Gordon. 2s. 6d. net. (Revell.)
Hittites (The). By Prof. A. H. Sayce. 2s. (Religious Tract Society.)
Various volumes in the new Pocket Edition of Ruskin's Works. Each 2s. 6d. net. (G. Allen.)
Savonarola. By Prof. Villari. 2s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)
Farrar (Dean) Life. By his Son. 6s. net. (Nisbet.)
Illustrated Handbooks to Pictures in the Royal Academy and New Gallery.
Sixpenny Reprints.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
April 23—A quiet week.
" 30—Fairly brisk in Country departments, but still quiet in the Town trade.
May 7—Slackness prevailed.
" 14—Rather quiet in all departments.

(2) SCOTLAND.

APRIL 20TH TO MAY 20TH, 1904.

A more hopeful tone characterised the business of the month than had been noticeable for some considerable time. Probably this partly arose from the many excellent books issued inviting widespread interest, in addition to the usual preparations necessary for the tourist trade.

Of course the publication of Mr. Herbert Spencer's Autobiography appealed to the many admirers of the philosopher, and copies were secured for the leading libraries.

In connection with the decease of Mr. Samuel Smiles, his many works, notably "Self Help," were prominent in the hands of booksellers, and many requests were made for the record of Sir H. M. Stanley's Life, on his death being announced.

Quite a number of successful six-shilling novels came to hand, and of these special mention may be made of "The Woman with the Fan," by R. Hichens; "Miss Arnott's Marriage," by R. Marsh; "Dorothea," by M. Maartens; "The Original Woman," by F. F. Moore; "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnston; "Garmiscath," by J. S. Clouston; and "Love's Proxy," by R. Bagot. Of those recently issued, none remained more steadily in demand than "Pa Gladden," by Elizabeth Cherry Waltz, and "Tomaso's Fortune," by the late H. S. Merriman.

Sir Archibald Geikie's "Scottish Reminiscences" continued to sell very freely, and Dr. Kerr's "Other Memories" found appreciative readers. "My Memories," by the Countess of Munster, had to be reprinted, the sale exceeding expectations.

As was anticipated, Mr. McCarthy's "Rome in Ireland" gained similar attention to that obtained by his previous works; and as a book of more than usual authority on missionary work, Mr. Matthew's "Thirty Years in Madagascar" deservedly had many readers.

The popularity of the Pocket Edition of Ruskin's Works was maintained, and for those interested in artistic subjects, the new volume on Sir Henry Raeburn—Makers of British Art Series—and the many illustrated catalogues of pictures in the Royal Academy, proved very attractive.

Considerable interest was shown in the forthcoming volume entitled "The British Home of To-day," dealing with modern domestic adornment. The book, appealing, as it will, to a large and increasing public, and issued at a remarkably low price, is fully expected to be entirely bought up immediately on publication.

Another announcement bringing with it orders, was that of the extra volume of Dr. Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible, a work which will always be recognised as a standard authority.

Magazine Sales showed some improvement, and the following Sixpenny Reprints of Popular Works were prominent in orders placed: "The Man of the Moors," "The Golden Wangho," "The Under Secretary," "MS. in a Red Box," "The Cavaliers," "Tricotrin," "Torn Sails," "Uncle Joe's Legacy," "A Lonely Girl," "The Giant's Gate," "Winchester Meads," "Liza of Lambeth," and "The Crime in the Office."

The following is our list of best selling books during the month :—

Miscellaneous.

Ruskin's Works. Pocket Edition. 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. net. (Allen.)
Scottish Reminiscences. By Sir A. Geikie. 6s. net. (Maclehose.)
Trout Fishing. By W. Earl Hodgson. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)
Autobiography of Herbert Spencer. 2 vols. 28s. net. (Williams and Norgate.)
Other Memories. By Dr. John Kerr. 3s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)
Thirty Years in Madagascar. By Rev. T. T. Matthews. 6s. (Religious Tract Society.)
Sir Henry Raeburn. Makers of British Art Series. 3s. 6d. net. (Walter Scott.)
Rome in Ireland. By M. J. F. McCarthy. 6s. (Hodder.)
Helps for the Day. By Dr. Miller. 1s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)
My Memories. By the Countess of Munster. 12s. 6d. (Nash.)

Six Shilling Novels.

The Woman with the Fan. By R. Hichens. (Methuen.)
Pa Gladden. By Elizabeth Cherry Waltz. (Hodder.)
Tomaso's Fortune. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
Miss Arnott's Marriage. By R. Marsh. (Long.)
Sir Mortimer. By Mary Johnston. (Constable.)
Garmiscath. By J. S. Clouston. (Blackwood.)
Dorothea. By M. Maartens. (Constable.)
Original Woman. By F. F. Moore. (Hutchinson.)
Magnetic North. By E. Robins. (Heinemann.)
Love's Proxy. By R. Bagot. (Arnold.)
Lord and Lady Ashton. By E. N. Cooper. (Nash.)
As We Forgive Them. By W. Le Queux. (White.)
Imperialist. By S. J. Duncan. (Constable.)
Letters from a Son to his Self-made Father. (Putnam.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

JUNE 6—JULY 4.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS

June 6th.

FREMDLING, A.—Father Clancy, 6s. ..... (Duckworth)
CROKER, B. M.—Pretty Miss Neville. Cheap Edition. 6d. (Chatto)
SIMS, GEORGE R.—Among my Autographs, 3s. 6d. ... (Chatto)
PHILPOTT, HUGH B.—London at School: The Story of the School Board, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
COOLIDGE, REV. W. A. B.—The Bernese Oberland. Vol. II. 10s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
KILDARE, OWEN.—Up from the Slums, 6s. net...(Fisher Unwin)
KNIGHT, A. E., AND EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.—The Living Plant in Leaf, Flower and Fruit. 1 vol. 12s. 6d. net and 14s. net ..... (Hutchinson)

June 7th.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—The Lady of the Lake. With Illustrations, in colour and otherwise, by Sir H. Palmer. 5s. net ..... (A. and C. Black)
DOUGALL, CHARLES S.—The Burns Country. Illustrations from photographs by Thomas Ferguson. 6s. (A and C. Black)

June 8th.

DURNY.—History of France, Continued to 1896. Edited by Prof. Jameson. 8s. 6d. net ..... (Dean and Co.)
DURNY.—General History of the World. Edited by Professor Grosvenor. 8s. 6d. net ..... (Dean and Co.)
HAYES, F. W.—The Shadow of a Throne, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
RAWSON, MRS. STEPNEY.—The Apprentice, 6s....(Hutchinson)

June 9th.

SHAKESPEARE.—Henry V., King John. 2 vols. Little Quarto Edition. 1s. net each ..... (Methuen)
PAIN, BARRY.—The Tree Fantasies, 1s. ..... (Methuen)
Lord Herbert of Cherburg. Written by Himself. 2s. net (Methuen)
WINDLES, B. C. A.—Prehistoric Age in England (Antiquaries' Books), 7s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
SWINBURNE, A. C.—Collected Poems. Vol. I. 36s. the set of 6 vols. ..... (Chatto)
STANLEY, WINIFRED.—A Flash of the Will, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
Paston Letters. Vol. VI. 75s. net the set of 6 vols ..... Chatto)
CROMARTIE, COUNTESS OF.—The End of the Song, 6s. (Hutchinson)

June 10th.

GRONAU, GEORG.—Titian, 7s. 6d. net ..... (Duckworth)
MORISON, MARGARET.—A Lonely Summer in Kashmir, 7s. 6d. net ..... (Duckworth)
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The Reader.

THREE NATURE WRITERS.

By G. FORRESTER SCOTT.

From a drawing by E. J. Sullivan. **Izaak Walton.**
(Reproduced from "The Compleat Angler," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

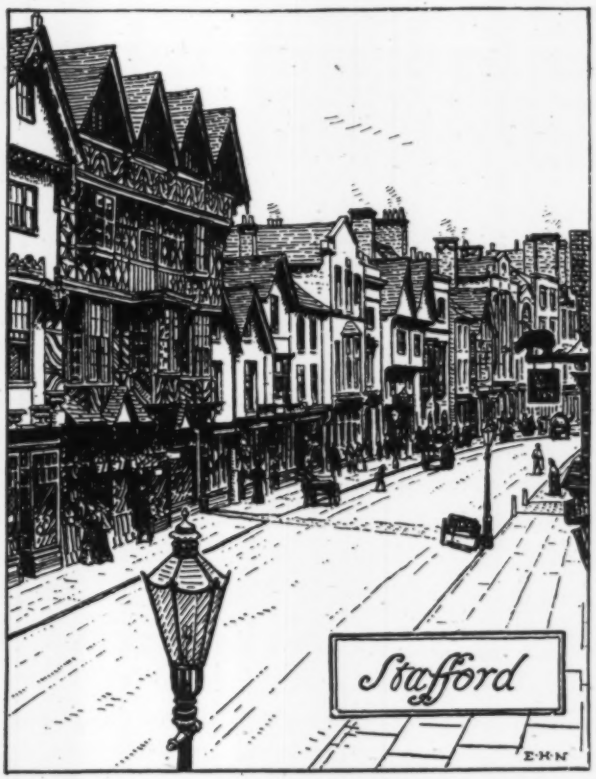
THE writing of books about Nature is held, rightly in the main, to be one of those accomplishments by which the moderns indemnify themselves for the want of some of the lost arts of the past. With due distinctions, there is no question that Nature, in a particular sense, has only received due appreciation within the last few generations of readers and critics. This particular sense, while quite recognisable enough for practical purposes, is not altogether easy to define. It does not mean mere natural history; for that might take us back, through the late Rev. J. G. Wood to Aldrovandus or Pliny himself: nor does it mean description of scenery such as Gilpin gives, or rural polity such as makes up a large part of Fuller's "Worthies." Perhaps it would be best described as prose (this distinction is important) which inverts the ordinary proportion between man the actor and the background of lower life he moves against. In the true Nature-book the protagonists are the sea and sky, hills and woods, the beasts and birds and flowers; but while man and his arts take the lower place, they are not forgotten: over all the happiest description and searching observation of the shows of earth, over the "minute obeisances of tenderness" made to the plants and the creeping things, there comes the mind of the maker, infusing into all, with a hundred varying degrees of imagination and pictorial power, the melancholy and the humour of human life.

There are three English writers who stand by themselves as types of this school of Naturalists; who, taken together, show its progress and its tendency. The first two are established by the judgment of that literary court from which lies no appeal; the last, if as yet of scarcely enough terms' standing for the final decision, is assuredly the man, if anyone of our time be worthy, to stand with the acknowledged masters. The first of the three is Izaak Walton, the second Gilbert White, the third Richard Jefferies. From Walton's birth to the death of Jefferies is almost three centuries: the differences and the points in common in the characters of the three and of their work, stretched over such a length of time, are perhaps as instructive as any comparison in literature of the second rank; and the coming down of the succession to our own day—with sufficient signs that the stock is still fruitful—give it the interest of a living force and developments yet to be.

Izaak Walton may be taken without much question as the founder of the line, without going further back to Dame Juliana Berners or Barnes and the Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle, some of whose descriptions of riverside delights may be the germ of Piscator's honeysuckle-hedge and the sycamore that sheltered him and his scholar from the smoking shower. Walton was born at Stafford, in the year 1593; his father, Jervis, seems to have been a yeoman. In the current of Izaak's easy-flowing life, it is only at intervals that we find any record: of his upbringing little or nothing is known; but it is probable that he was apprenticed to a relation in London, who was a mercer or draper. In 1624, as shown by a deed of that date, he was joint occupier with John Mason, a hosier, of a house on the north side of Fleet Street, near Chancery Lane. Upon this evidence it has been generally held that he was a shopman trading on no large scale; but there was a family tradition, John Major says, that he was a wholesale linendraper and Hamburgh merchant. The character of his acquaintance and connections rather supports the more generous theory. In 1626 he married Rachel Floud, a descendant of Archbishop Cranmer. George Cranmer, his wife's uncle, had been the pupil of Richard Hooker, and it is probable that from him Walton obtained the facts for the Life of Hooker, which was published in 1665. Rachel dying in 1640, the widower, some seven years later, married Anne Ken, half-sister to the great Bishop. During his life in London, Walton became the close friend of Dr. Donne and Sir Henry Wotton, of Dr. Morley and Dr. Sanderson, Bishops respectively of Worcester and Lincoln. In 1662, again a widower, he left London and went to live with Dr. Morley, who had been translated to Winchester: his daughter Anne married Dr. Hawkins, a prebendary of the Cathedral, in whose house Walton died in December, 1683. Besides the "Angler," Walton published a collection of the *Reliquiæ* of Sir H. Wotton, an Eclogue on the Restoration, and the Lives of Donne, Herbert, Sanderson,

Wotton and Hooker. "The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation," the pillar of his fame, the right ancestor of all the country-books, first appeared in 1653: it went through five editions before 1676, in which year it was reprinted with the addition of the Second Part, by Charles Cotton. The book, after its first success, seems to have fallen on some neglect; after eighty years it was re-introduced by the Rev. Moses Browne, perhaps at the instance of Dr. Johnson, who at one time himself thought of editing the "Lives." In 1760 appeared Sir John Hawkins' edition: Major's, in 1823 (which was said to have "Waltonised the land"), and Sir Harris Nicholas' led the way to the multitudinous reprints of to-day. The main charm of the "Angler" lies perhaps in its quality of serenity, in its presentation of a world that appears fair and at peace, neither from mere shortsightedness nor from amiable shutting of the eyes (for the "Lives" show fully what the idyllic character of the "Angler" might obscure, Walton's masculine grasp of human character in light and dark), but by a gift of transmuting power, "the very spirit of innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart," as Charles Lamb called it, declaring further that the book "would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it; it would Christianise every discordant passion." "Such sweet religion," he says again, "... though the subject be baits and hooks and worms and fishes."

And it is a sweetness that never becomes fulsome;



From a drawing by E. H. New.

Greengate Street, Stafford.

Walton was said to have been born in the timber house on the left.

Izaak Walton was born at Stafford, in the parish of St. Mary, on August 9th, 1593. Till recently two houses competed for the honour of being his birthplace, one a noble old Elizabethan house in Greengate Street, and the other a humble little house in East Gate Street."—Richard Le Gallienne's Introduction to "The Compleat Angler."

(Reproduced from "The Compleat Angler," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

Isaak Walton's House on the North side of Fleet Street.

From a drawing by E. H. New, after an engraving in the British Museum.

"'He dwelt on the north side of Fleet Street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the Harrow.' Now the old timber-house at the south-west corner of Chancery Lane, in Fleet Street, till within these few years, was known by that sign; it is therefore beyond doubt that Walton lived at the very next door."—Sir John Hawkins's Life of Walton.

(Reproduced from "The Compleat Angler," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

there is always an infusion of delicate humour to quicken the whole, like the bottle of sack added to the milk and sugar in that "drink like nectar; indeed, too good for any body but us Anglers," made in the woodbine arbour at Tottenham High Cross. There is another reason, perhaps, for the way in which the old fisherman has taken possession of the earth in some of its kindliest aspects: a reason to which Wordsworth's "Meek Walton's heavenly memory" gives the clue; that inner prerogative by which a man "possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness; such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing both to God and to himself."

This pure serenity of temper and occupation of the beauty of the world are the chief elements to be kept in mind for making a parallel between the three great Naturalists. A second point to be noted is Walton's position as an accidental or amateur author. The "Angler" was altogether a parergon. "In writing it," says the Address to the Reader, "I have made a recreation of a recreation"—"I write not to get money, but for pleasure, and this discourse boasts of no more." Not achieving authorship until he was past fifty, Walton is one of the most notable of that order of unprofessional literary men, the men of one book, the *seri studiorum*, whose significance as a class has perhaps

Beresford Hall, Cotton's Country Seat.

Piscator: "But look you, sir, here appears the house, that is now like to be your inn, for want of a better."
Viator: It appears on a sudden, but not before 'twas looked for; it stands prettily, and here's wood about it, too, but so young, as appears to be of your own planting."
Piscator: "It is so; will it please you to alight, sir?" —"The Compleat Angler." Part II.
(Reproduced from Mr. Stapleton Martin's "Izaak Walton and his Friends," by kind permission of the author and Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

not yet received its full appreciation. The very style of the book owes something to this emancipation; entirely simple, perfectly adapted to the conveyance of the thought, it flows as smoothly as the curves of Shawford Brook, to break here and there into the freshets of those choice songs, or to deepen in the expression of sane piety that gives thanks for "flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing."

Gilbert White, the second in the succession, was even more than Walton *homo unius libri*; but no one would think of calling "The Natural History of Selborne" a parergon. The book was not published until White was sixty-five; but it was the work of his life; into it went, besides the natural history of the place and a view of one side of English rural life in the eighteenth century—a side that needs to be set as a counterpart against Crabbe's strong drama—into its placid chapters went the whole character of the man. More appropriately even than Walton, he might have used Walton's words, "The whole discourse is, or rather was, a picture of my own disposition."

The choices and the chances of life which formed that disposition, which made White a most winning virtuoso instead of a lovable humanist, like Walton; the uneventful days which led his gift of observation, an enthusiasm as true if less catholic than the older man's, into its stricter channel, make but a short chronicle. Gilbert White, born at Selborne, near Alton, in Hampshire, on July 18th, 1720, was the eldest son of John White, and grandson of an older Gilbert, who was Vicar of the parish. He went to school at Basingstoke, and thence to Oxford, entering at Oriel, from which he took his Bachelor's degree and was ordained in 1743. Next year he became Fellow of his college, and in 1752 was Senior Proctor. Soon afterwards he settled in his native village—not as its Vicar, as a too common mistake has it, but taking occasional duty, and at one time acting as curate-in-charge of Selborne and of the next parish of Farringdon. Thenceforward the equable, self-contained life ran smoothly to the end, its greatest undertakings the yearly journeys to Ringmer and Lambeth, its notable events the coming of the swallows, the hibernation of Timothy the tortoise, the brewing of Brother John's beer from *hordeum nudum*. White was never married: people with a taste for a particular kind of sentiment have provided him with an unrequited attachment for Miss Mulso, who afterwards became Mrs. Chapone. He appears to have been an admirable uncle to a tribe of sixty-three nephews and nieces, a faithful correspondent to old friends, as well as to his companions in science, Pennant and Barrington, and entirely contented with his lot. There is a note of regret, perhaps as near to a thought of repining as his sound hexis could admit, in the words of a letter to Pennant in 1767, "It has been my misfortune never to have any neighbours whose studies have led them towards the pursuit of natural history, so that for want of a companion to quicken my industry and sharpen my attention, I have made but slender progress in a kind of information to which I have been attached from my childhood."

In 1788, but four years before his death, after much doubt and under some instance from his friends, he published the "Natural History" as a quarto volume, together with the "Antiquities of Selborne" which usually accompanies the better-known work. It appears to have had a sufficiently encouraging reception from the critical public to which it at that time appealed. In 1802 Dr. Aikin brought out an edition in octavo; in 1813 followed one by the Rev. J. Mitford; later issues by Jardine, Brown, Jenyns, Bennett, Bell, and others, variously illustrated and annotated, speak of the ever-growing interest in the work, the fashion which has sifted out the last scraps of diary and letter, and has made Selborne one of the pilgrimage-places of the world. The pilgrimage is one that may be made with less chance of disillusion for the faithful than attends the visiting of some other shrines. Though a branch railway has lately been made, with a station "East Tisted for Selborne," at the very turning where White used to post a mounted guide to convey his London visitors from the coach road to his house, yet the intervening two miles of hilly lane are perhaps not much better travelling than they were in the old days. As seen from the village street "The Wakes" shows little but the alterations and additions of later tenants; but the cottages, the church, the Plestor, the Hanger, seem to have suffered slight change during the last hundred years. Given the right conditions of season and weather and of personal humour,

the visitor who meditates under the churchyard yew, after his search for the hardly discoverable grave, or turns to look back from the Alton road at the village lying close and small under the "Zigzag," may without much effort reconstitute the past and breathe something of the deep serene which, as it was Izaak Walton's, was the secret gift of Gilbert White.

Serenity, of all things, is not the gift of the last descendant of the line. Richard Jefferies' work stands, it may be, too near us yet for a wholly fair judgment: it is not for us to say how the unrest, the underlying melancholy, the burden of a sad science, qualities of our time, reflected from mind to mind of all the crowd about us, may appear in the fresh perspective of another hundred years. But—to take first the points where the modern is least like his predecessors—it is clear that Jefferies' charm is not to be sought in the repose of the completed mind, rounded out under kindly stars; his vintage has not had the precocious mellowing of a whole life-time of its author's care. Jefferies was no dilettante, but altogether a professional writer; his work was not a parergon of leisured taste, but task-work of no easy sort. Dying before he was forty, he left a body of work at least seven or eight times more in amount than the "Compleat Angler" and the "Natural History" put together. He was a journalist; and whatsoever journalism may have done or may yet do for literature, it loses the use of that particular scale of things enjoyed by a man who can afford to make his working-day one with the term of his life. Richard Jefferies was born at a farm at Coate, between Swindon and Marlborough, on November 8th, 1848. His schooling, up to the age of fifteen, he had at Sydenham and at Swindon. About the farm at Coate, and on the Wiltshire downs, he found his peculiar gift of insight and his province of the open air. He was a great reader, and when little more than a boy began to make ventures in literature. In 1872 his "Wiltshire Labourer" appeared in the *Times*, and the year after he first reached the attention of the public by articles in "Fraser."

During the next ten or twelve years he produced, scattered through various newspapers and magazines, or collected in book form, "The Gamekeeper at Home" (1878), "Wild Life in a Southern County" (1879), "Hodge and his Masters" (which first appeared in the *Standard*), "Field and Hedgerow," "Nature near London" (1883), "The Life of the Fields" (1884), "The Story of my Heart," and others—in all some fifteen volumes. He suffered continually from ill-health, and in his thirty-eighth year, worn out by various sickness, and perhaps by the earlier struggles of his career, he died at Goring, a village near Worthing, on the Sussex coast, on August 14th, 1887.

There are one or two surface similarities between Jefferies and his foregoers. All the three were South Country men: Walton knew the chalk downs at Winchester as well as White knew the more eastern range, the "chain of majestic mountains" which he passed on his journeys into Sussex, and as Jefferies knew the heights pictured in "The Breeze on Beachy Head" or "The Southdown Shepherd." All the three were sportsmen: Walton's angling-rod is the pretext for all

The Fishing House.

"In 1676 Cotton finished building the celebrated little fishing-house, dedicated to anglers, 'my seat's best grace,' as he calls it—on the margin of the River Dove—'Princess of Rivers,' near to his house, Beresford Hall."

"What spot more honoured than this peaceful place?
Twice honoured, truly. Here Charles Cotton sang,
Hilarious—his whole-hearted songs, that rang
With a true note, through town and country ways,
While the Dove trout—in chorus—splashed their praise.
Here Walton sat with Cotton, in the shade,
And watched him dubb his flies, and doubtless made
The time seem short, with gossip of old days."
—One of Twelve Sonnets by T. Westwood.

(Reproduced from Mr. Stapleton Martin's "Izaak Walton and his Friends," by kind permission of the author and Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

his meadow wanderings; White was "intent on field diversions" when he and his dogs were defeated by that strange abundance of gossamer; Jefferies maintains that "to those who live much out of doors a gun is a natural and almost a necessary companion." But such qualities in common only serve to make the fundamental differences the more marked. There is no need to insist upon divergences of style, to compare Walton's instinctive grace or White's "learned" polish with Jefferies' rougher working method, his long pages of the historic present, his too frequent sentences where the sense jumps the tumbled construction. But wide as is the distance between Walton's contemplation of "the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living-creatures," and White's observation as "a stationary man" of "the wonders of the Creation, too frequently overlooked as common occurrences," it is as nothing to the gap between either and the outlook of Jefferies upon "the something beyond the philosophies in the light, in the grass-blades, the leaf, the grasshopper, the sparrow on the wall." Not only is his analysis of sensible Nature, carried on through chapters of simple enumeration, penetrating and comprehensive beyond any other description of the kind in literature, but it leads sooner or later to the personal expression—the "picture of my own disposition," as Walton said—which belongs very definitely to our own age. It is a disposition sad beyond the power of words, beyond the effort of hope in "The Pageant of Summer"—"There is so much for us yet to come, so much to be gathered and enjoyed. Not for you or me, now, but for our race. . . ." It is sometimes oppressed at the thought of the vast spaces of being, as at the significance of the tiny empty snail-shells by the source of the brook in the coombe: "If time is measured by the duration of life, reckoned by their short spans, eternity upon eternity has gone by." Or it loses its grasp of things in the sense of the mystery of the world; a mystery which Jefferies' power, altogether unlike Loti's magical certainty of suggestion, can only tell us of, and is quite unable to bring before us. There are in almost all Jefferies' work touches of half-felt discord, a sense of discrepancy between the fine and true observation which should have been the business of a happy life, and the interludes of melancholy reflection; between the love and understanding of country matters and the ineluctable grasp of London and the work it would have from him. There are few less profitable things than the making of imaginary re-arrangements of destiny and speculations in the might-have-been: it is vain, in the present comparison, to guess what would be the work of Gilbert White condemned to Grub Street at twenty, of Izaak Walton racked by those pains the missing of which he called a new mercy; but it is perhaps allowable, if it is in a way even less wise, to reverse the case, and to think of Richard Jefferies as free from the galley and the chain, to surmise of the work he might have done with health and wholesome ease, adding to his own keen perception of beauty the enduring grace, the deep-laid serenity of the happier men.

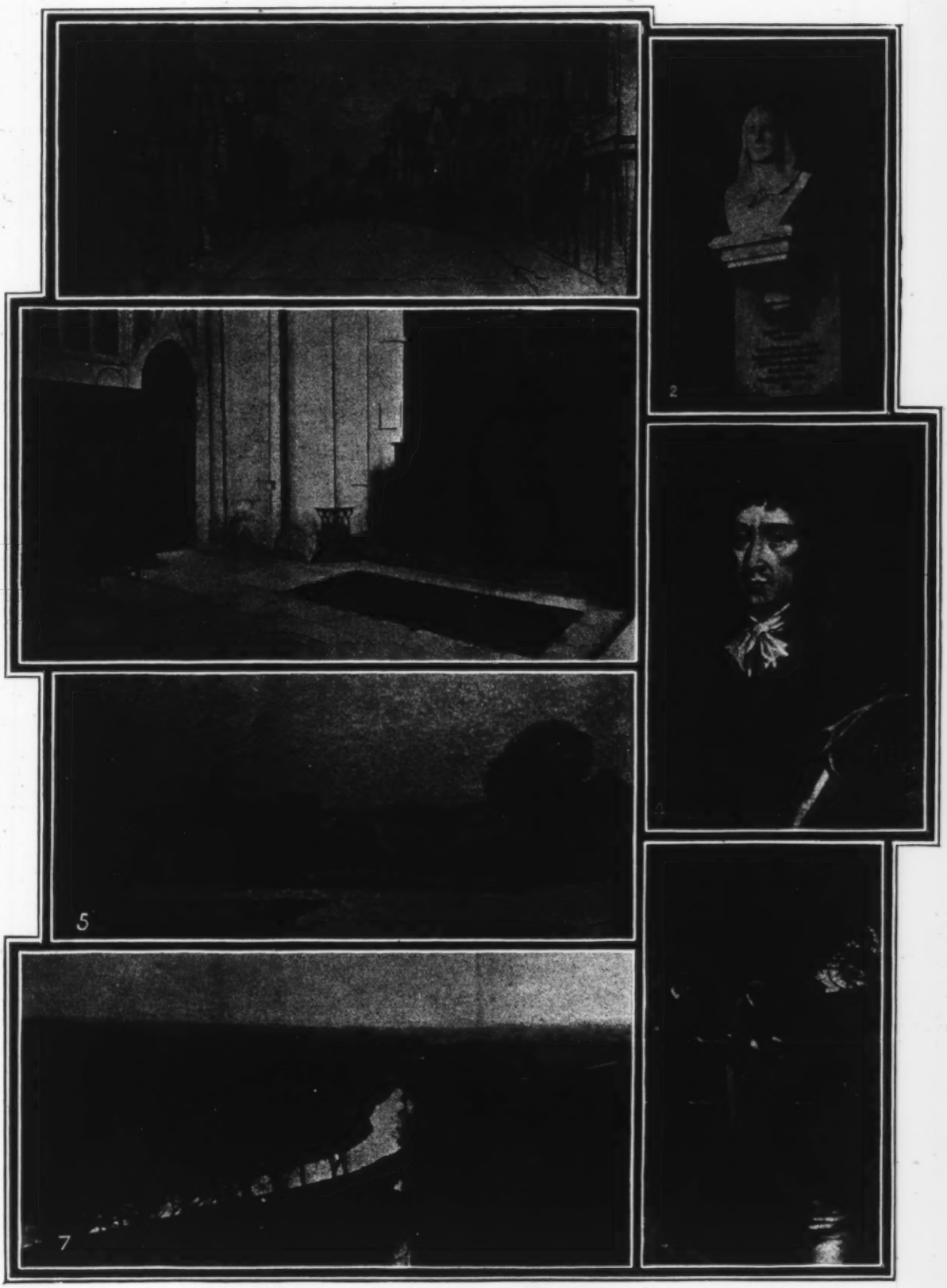
HERBERT SPENCER'S "AUTOBIOGRAPHY."*

By HECTOR MACPHERSON.

HERBERT SPENCER tells us in his preface that his object in writing his "Autobiography" was to place on record a natural history of himself, as a useful accompaniment to his philosophic works. The book certainly affords materials for a history of Spencer's mind, but as it stands the general reader will have some difficulty in tracing the mental evolution of one of the greatest thinkers of modern times. The general reader will be perplexed by the outstanding features of the work—its long drawn trivialities, its endless minutiæ, and its sustained devotion to the personal equation. The perplexity is all the greater when the reader remembers how contemptuous Spencer is in his works of the purely personal side of history. Moving always in the abstract, he had only a slight hold of the concrete. In his "Sociology," he remarks that the intellectual status of individuals may be guessed by the frequency with which personal matters form the subject of their conversation. Even as regards great men Spencer despised the personal element. I cannot imagine Spencer at any time reading a book purely for its human interest. Homer, he tells us, he could not read. For purposes of his theory of social and political evolution he opened Homer, but found the records of battles, the sayings and doings of heroes positively tiresome. Spencer in his devotion to general causes overlooked the importance of the individual. Why should he study the sayings and doings of great men, when after all they are the products of the great evolutionary forces? The strange thing is, that when Spencer came to narrate his own life, he forgot all about his great man theory. In the history of Evolution there was one great man, Herbert Spencer, and so with loving care he deals not with general causes but with petty details which a well-balanced mind ruthlessly consigns to the dust-heap of oblivion. It is necessary to dwell upon this feature of Spencer's mind, as without it the proper understanding of the man himself cannot be reached.

The persistency with which Spencer asserted his claim to originality, and the intellectual combativeness which he displayed in defending his claims, are at a glance scarcely compatible with his theory of general causes and the influence of the environment. In the region of ideas he posed as a kind of philosophic Melchisedec without intellectual descent. In one of my books I happened to bring his name into close connection with the name of Adam Smith. In the course of communications with him regarding my article in "Chambers' Encyclopædia," he particularly called my attention to the fact that he owed nothing to Adam Smith; his theory of the evolution of society had not

* "An Autobiography." By Herbert Spencer. 2 vols. 28s. net. (Williams and Norgate.)

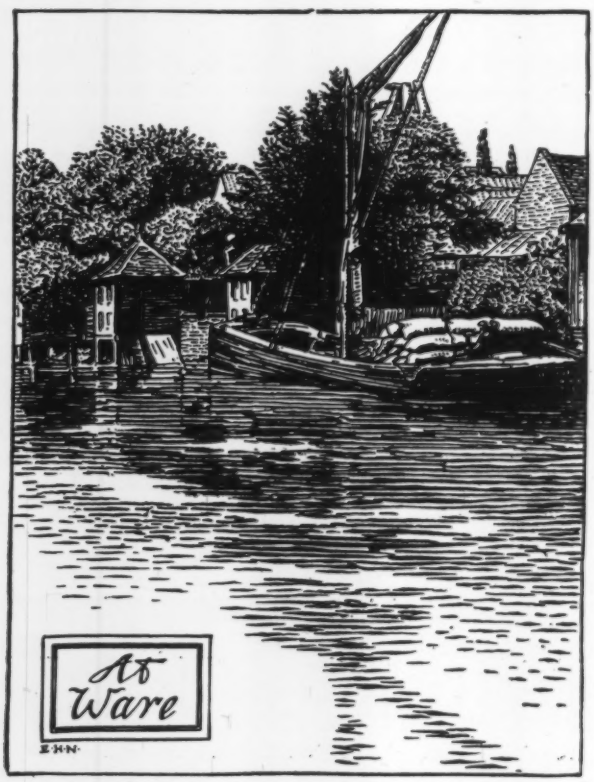


A PAGE OF IZAAK WALTON PICTURES.

1. Ware. From an etching by D. Y. Cameron. (Reproduced from "The Compleat Angler," by kind permission of Messrs. A. Constable and Co.)
2. Bust of Izaak Walton in St. Mary's Church, Stafford. Rischgitz Collection.
3. Izaak Walton's Grave in Prior Silkstede's Chapel, Winchester Cathedral. Photo by W. T. Green, Winchester.
4. Charles Cotton, after a painting by Sir Peter Lely. Rischgitz Collection.
5. On the Wye at Haddon. From an etching by D. Y. Cameron. (Reproduced from "The Compleat Angler," by kind permission of Messrs. A. Coustable and Co.)
6. Izaak Walton's Summerhouse in the Deanery Garden, Winchester. Photo by W. T. Green, Winchester.
7. The River Itchen, with a view of the Hospital of St. Cross. Photo by W. T. Green, Winchester.

been in the least influenced by the "Wealth of Nations." At every turn Spencer was on the watch for attacks on his reputation. In his letters to me I find an undercurrent of annoyance at the popular identification of Darwin with the evolution theory. He was always grateful to those who pointed out that before Darwin he had reached the idea of evolution. Great too was his annoyance at the suggestion that he owed his sociological ideas to Comte; and in his desire to establish his own originality in this department he went to lengths which bordered on the ludicrous. Spencer combined two qualities rarely if ever found together—great powers of generalisation with a microscopic attention to detail. One has only to compare his book with Mill's simple, modest life record, to increase one's wonder that a man of Spencer's vast intellect, with its marvellously comprehensive sweep, should have wasted his time in recording trivialities which the man of mediocre parts buries in merciful oblivion. To the student of human nature it is a curious problem how a mind, which in its magnificent vision could detect the great all-embracing laws of the Cosmos, could also, with superb self-complacency, inform the British public that in a fishing expedition he had blistered his heel. An elephant is a noble animal, but when it uses its trunk to pick up pins a feeling of incongruity arises in the mind.

Why do I begin this article by dwelling upon the weak side of a great thinker? Not for the purpose of emphasising the eccentricity of genius, but for supplying what I believe to be the key to Spencer's personality. Spencer's curious mental vagaries had their origin in a one-sided training. He possessed an unrivalled power of generalisation, and his power of analysis was equally marvellous. Those powers developed abnormally. The generalising tendency was not kept in check; his habit of dwelling on the abstract was not counteracted by acquaintance with the concrete realities of history, biography, poetry and literature generally. The consequence was that Spencer's great powers from being servants became tyrants. In a word, Spencer's mind became a colossal thinking machine. At one end isolated facts went in, and at the other emerged as well woven generalisations. His power of analysis was developed to an abnormal extent, as is seen in his "Autobiography." With a detachment positively non-human, he places himself bodily and mentally on the dissecting table and proceeds to work anatomically with scientific precision. For Spencer the concrete existed only as material to be woven into abstract propositions. When he came to the study of concrete realities like poetry, biography, history, he came not for mental enjoyment, for culture; he came to them as a builder to a quarry to get stones with which to give effect to the plan of the architect.



From a drawing by E. H. New **On the Lea at Ware.**

"While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,
Shall live thy name, meek Walton: Sage benign!

Who found'st the longest summer day too short,
To thy loved pastime given by sedgy Lea,
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford's brook."
—Sonnet by Wordsworth.

(Reproduced from "The Compleat Angler," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

Man does not live by abstractions alone; he must recognise the realities. But Spencer by his one-sided mental activity had incapacitated himself from finding relaxation in the humanities of literature, and by ill-health he was cut off latterly from the humanising influence of social intercourse. The result was that when his mind wanted to leave the region of abstract generalisation it fastened upon the petty details of life, as the only available concrete realities. His work filled his life, and everything that helped or hindered, down to a blistered heel, was duly recorded. As the outcome of persistent analysis and generalisation Spencer was deficient on the spontaneous and emotional side. Nothing commended itself to him even in the petty domestic side of life till it was thrown into the form of a law with due reasons given. In life many things right themselves. Spencer had no trust in anything that could not be brought to the test of a first principle. It was no uncommon thing to get his consent to a certain proposal one day, and a few days after to have the consent withdrawn on the ground that it was condemned by a first principle which for the moment had been forgotten. Sometimes this was awkward. On one occasion no end of trouble was caused by Spencer's insistence at the last moment on the withdrawal of a reference in my book which to ordinary minds was of no consequence, but which he thought conflicted with one of his first principles.

That Spencer's philosophic powers, unchecked by social intercourse and general mental culture, developed to a stage which took all sweetness and spontaneity out of his life is to me absolutely certain. The evil effects were accentuated by the nature of Spencer's philosophy itself. By his theory of the Unknowable Spencer cut himself off, in the absence of mental culture and social

intercourse, from the only other available intellectual and emotional sphere—the Infinite. The transcendental region which affords scope for the religious emotion, Spencer shut upon himself by refusing to acknowledge the power of anything that could not be enclosed within a definite formula. In its isolation Spencer's mind gnawed upon itself. How dreary was his outlook in the region of the Unknowable is vividly seen by the following remarks in the last thing he ever wrote, entitled "Ultimate Questions": "There is one aspect of the great Enigma to which little attention seems given, but which has of late years more frequently impressed me. I refer, not to the problems which all concrete existences from suns down to microbes present, but to those presented by the universal form under which these exist—the phenomena of space. . . . The thought of this blank form of existence which explored in all directions as far as imagination can reach, has, beyond that an unexplored region compared with which imagination has traversed is but infinitesimal—the thought of a space compared with which our immeasurable sidereal system dwindles to a point, is a thought too overwhelming to be dwelt upon. Of late years the consciousness that without origin or cause infinite Space has ever existed, and must ever exist, produces in me a feeling from which I shrink."

Driven in upon himself, Spencer became more and more absorbed with his own thoughts, feelings, and physical conditions. His friends thought that his solitary habits and analytic tendency led him greatly to exaggerate his illnesses; and certainly many of them would have preferred had he, like Mill, combined active work in the outside world with intellectual pursuits. Spencer, like Carlyle, was the victim of a sedentary life. No thinker is safe who cuts himself off from the breezy influence of his fellows; and both Spencer and Carlyle paid the penalty of their error in a form of introspection which ultimately bordered on hypochrondria.

It will readily be understood that the defects in Spencer's personality here noticed left their impress on his system of philosophy. They are less noticeable in the sections which deal with what might be called the abstract side of evolution. In this region Spencer stands supreme. In one of his books he remarks upon the inability of the mind of man to mirror in their totality the processes of nature, or to seize hold of the one universal law by which these processes are unified. He looked forward to a time when intelligence would be so highly evolved that the facts of Nature which are now apprehended only in part will be apprehended in their totality. I may be allowed to repeat here what I said at the time of Spencer's death, that on the purely philosophic side Spencer's mind had reached a stage of comprehensiveness the highest yet attained. Nothing in philosophic thought equals the cosmical sweep of Spencer's mind in "First Principles," and allied to this as displayed in his "Principles of Psychology" is his marvellous analytic faculty. In the region of abstract thinking Spencer was a genius of the first order. It is when we come to the concrete side of his evolution system that signs of weakness are detected. From this

From a drawing by E. J. Sullivan. **Piscator and Venator.**

"Put your hook, I mean the arming-wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills; and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming-wire of your hook; or tie the frog's leg, above the upper joint, to the armed wire; and, in so doing, use him as though you loved him; that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer."

(Reproduced from "The Compleat Angler," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

point of view the Autobiography is of great value for the side-lights it throws upon Spencerianism.

No system of thought can be adequately understood till we get clear insight into the training and temperament of its originator. For instance, as we study the life records of men like Bentham and the two Mills, we begin to see that the system of Utilitarianism was due as much to a certain cast of temperament as to sheer intellectual enquiry. The limitations of Utilitarianism take their rise in the mental and emotional limitations of its early expounders. How much better we understand the Benthamite cult after a perusal of Mill's "Autobiography." In like manner we get a clue to the Synthetic system by reading Spencer's "Autobiography." In his life record, as in that of J. S. Mill, we come to see that the attempt to base a theory of man and the universe on secularism was due to deficiency of sympathy with religious ideas and sentiments. Mill was brought up with no religious training, and Spencer, though subject to the influences of a Nonconformist household, never came under the spell of religion. Spencer, as he once said to me, experienced none of the spiritual agonies of his contemporaries. The admission, which is also made in the "Autobiography," throws light upon the religious side of the Spencerian philosophy. No thinker in touch with the religious

sentiments of his age would have offered as a solution of the religious problem the famous theory of the Unknowable. Only too faithfully did Spencer give effect to his own theory. Beyond a deep sense of mystery he had no definite religious feeling worthy of the name. He averted his gaze from the Infinite; and the effect of this we can trace in his philosophy, and his life. Mill found what he thought was a substitute for the religion of the Supernatural in a religion of Humanity. In his view it was possible for the emotions and activities which hitherto had found outlet in Supernaturalism to find appropriate scope in working for humanity; Spencer never posed as a humanitarian of the school of Mill and Comte. One of the remarkable things about Spencer was that he should have lived a life of strenuous toil amid great discouragements with neither religious nor humanitarian inspiration. Very vividly was this brought to my mind in conversation with Spencer during the latter years of his life. I remarked what a pleasure it must be for him to reflect at the end of his long life on the great influence he had exerted upon his age and the work he had done for humanity. Spencer's reply was, "I never thought of that."

What then was the motive power which sustained Spencer in his long wrestle with the mighty problems of existence? If he was not inspired in his great mission by either religious or humanitarian impulses, to what must we attribute the undaunted zeal which in the face of unpopularity and indifferent health sustained him through a lifetime of unremitting intellectual toil? The moving passion of Spencer's life was intellectual—a passion for truth. He could find no rest till he had discovered the secret law of Nature's processes, till he had realised the ideal of all philosophers—that of reducing the phenomena of Nature to unity, and embracing Nature's totality in one comprehensive generalisation. Surely there was something magnificent in the spectacle of the lonely thinker devoting his years to the pursuit of truth, not fame. Many thinkers in the flush of opening manhood have conceived great systems of thought, and entered upon far-reaching projects. But too often the glow of intellectual enthusiasm has died away in presence of the daily drudgery of lonely toil. Even those who get beyond the Coleridgean stage of weaving philosophic dreams, find their ideal receding as they get entangled in the pleasures, anxieties, and ambitions of Vanity Fair. Spencer remained faithful to his ideal. When regard is had to the great work of Spencer, the imperfections of mind and nature, as revealed by the "Autobiography," sink into insignificance.

ANDREW WAUCHOPE.*

By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P.

AYTOUN'S fine ballad, "Edinburgh after Flodden," must have been brought vividly to the minds of many who, like myself, happened to be in the Scottish capital on 13th December, 1899.

> "News of battle! news of battle!
> Hark! 'tis ringing down the street;
> And the archways and the pavement
> Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
> News of battle! who hath brought it?
> All are thronging to the gate;
> Warder, warder! open quickly;
> Man! is this a time to wait?"

Rumour filled the air, for what telegraph so swift as shall outspeed the formless herald of disaster? Presently there flew from lip to lip the definite message—"The Highland Brigade is cut to pieces, and Andy Wauchope is killed!" All chatter was hushed in a sense of national calamity, for was not the Highland Brigade the flower of Scotland's chivalry? Every man and woman in the city winced with a spasm of personal grief, for was not the chieftain of the Highland Brigade in a special sense the soldier of Lothian? No countenance was better known in Edinburgh than his lean and eager features; for five centuries the Wauchopes of Niddrie Marischal had identified themselves with the local interests of Midlothian, which counts for something yet, even in these days of speedy change and democratic spirit; besides which, Andrew Wauchope's memorable contest with Mr. Gladstone for the county seat in 1892 had brought him into that intimate personal relation with the masses which no other transaction of modern life can effect. The man in whom more than five thousand electors have testified their confidence by their votes at the poll cannot die in his bed without more than common notice; how much more deeply must his countrymen be stirred when he falls on the field of battle!

It was desirable—nay, it was inevitable—that more than formal record should be made of the services of such a man as General Wauchope; it is well that the task should have been entrusted to Sir George Douglas, at once a graceful writer and a sympathetic friend. He has undertaken it with a due sense of proportion in his subject.

> "No one claims for Wauchope that he had proved himself a *great* soldier, though he may have had it in him to do so. No one, to be more particular, would think of ranking him alongside of a Colin Campbell, a Hugh Rose, or a Hope Grant. For distinction such as theirs, he had lacked the first requisite—opportunity. As a general officer he was all but untried in the field—his chances lay still in the future."

It is one of the most serious drawbacks and discouragements in the profession of a British soldier that it is the rarest thing possible that he should get the chance of exercising the higher qualities of the art of war until he is long past the age which Napoleon pronounced to be the proper term of military service. Napoleon knew himself to be past it when he fought at Waterloo. He was forty-nine, a like age with the Duke of Wellington. That is young indeed, as we have come to reckon a commander's years; yet of all Napoleon's marshals and generals in his last army,

* "The Life of Major-General Wauchope, C.B., C.M.G., LL.D." By Sir George Douglas, Bart. 10s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

although every one was a veteran of twenty years' active service, two only, Grouchy and Kellermann, were older than the Emperor himself. Wauchope died at fifty-three, having just attained the rank of Major-General. Sir George Douglas has that to tell about him that will convince most readers that the only thing wanting to raise Wauchope to the rank of a great soldier was circumstance. "Practical life," said Huxley, "is a rule of three sum, in which your duty, multiplied into your capacity and *divided by your circumstances*, gives the fourth term in the proportion, which is your deserts."

Sir George Douglas introduces to us "a little, red-haired, freckled boy" at a Worksop school, passing thence to a training school at Stubbington to prepare for the Royal Navy. Life at Stubbington proving somewhat monotonous, the lads agreed among themselves to cast lots which of them should cause a diversion by running away from school. The lot having fallen upon Wauchope, he performed his part with the same prompt exactness in mischief which he always showed afterwards in the discharge of duty; choosing an easy opportunity for escape, he made his way to Paris, where his people were staying, and presented himself to them, an embarrassing guest, with no luggage except a monkey, which he had bought from an organ-grinder at Boulogne.

This escapade, luckily, did not prove fatal to his preparation for the navy. A couple of years at sea gave him that indefinable "handiness" and adaptability which no other training can impart, and in 1862 he obtained his discharge in order to qualify for a commission in the army. Three years later he was gazetted to the Black Watch—the "Auld Forty-twa"—a most famous regiment, to the renown whereof he lived to contribute not a little, and died to ennoble its long roll of honour. Appointed adjutant in 1870, he resigned that post in 1873, in order to serve on Sir Garnet Wolseley's staff at Cape Coast Castle; but when operations began against the Ashantis, and his own regiment was sent to the front, Wauchope at once asked leave to rejoin it, telling Sir Garnet that "he could not possibly allow the regiment to go into action without him." During the advance upon Coomassie he was severely wounded by a musket-shot, which he carried in his shoulder until, three or four years later, Professor Annandale, of Edinburgh, succeeded in dislodging it.

Sir George Douglas is frank enough to confess that his hero up to this period had made no study of military history—had no acquaintance even with so recent and indispensable a work as Hamley's "Operations of War." Wauchope, indeed, made a tour of European battlefields, but he was ignorant of German, had forgotten French, and "never studied a battle before visiting the battlefield." More's the pity, we think. The besetting weakness, source of many evils, of the British army in time of peace has always been the unreality of the profession. Routine of guard-mounting and parade movements, sham-fights against a skeleton enemy, with plentiful crackle of musketry and smoke puffs of cannon for the delectation of luncheon parties in the carriages; manœuvres on a larger scale in the sweet o' the year, with proper respect for agriculture, and very little for the exigencies of a campaign, young men of vigorous minds and active habits cannot be got, or have not hitherto been got, to regard all this as earnest business. The duties of our home army, which has no actual frontier to protect, and a congested population to work among, fall under the two heads of "Sentry-go!" and "Keep off the grass!" (or growing crop). The greater reason for its officers acquainting themselves thoroughly with the writings of masters in the craft of arms. Happily, this is more the fashion now than it was thirty years ago; although even at the present day too many regimental officers, finding themselves in the presence of the enemy, have to rely upon the light of unlearned nature.

We may pass over the Transvaal campaign of 1881, in which Wauchope served again upon the staff, his regiment being at Aldershot, and the Egyptian campaign of 1884, when Wauchope, once more with his beloved Black Watch, was severely wounded at El Teb, and was promoted Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, to notice his appearance in a new character—the political battlefield. Midlothian had been wrested in 1880 from the Tories, Mr. Gladstone having singled out that shire as the fittest arena for battle with the landed interest, which he had vowed to eliminate from electoral affairs. Defeating Lord Dalkeith, the present Duke of Buccleuch, by a narrow majority in 1880, five years later upon an extended franchise the great Liberal champion had demolished the candidature of a respectable local laird by the prodigious majority of 4631. Who should dare derision by taking up the gauntlet for the Conservatives in 1892? By common consent—with one voice—the county called upon "Andy." He was nothing loth, being a Tory of the pugnacious breed; but, like Sir John Moore and Sir Arthur Wellesley, he stipulated that nothing should interfere with his going to the front in the event of war. "Of late we have had a war scare," he wrote from Malta in 1889, "and I felt at once that, situated as I now am, it would be very wrong for me to be bound, or partly bound, to any constituency. To get into the field, I would throw them all overboard without a moment's hesitation." The war cloud rolled away. Wauchope buckled to the task of canvassing and election oratory with the same energy and, it must be added, with the same fragmentary preparation from study, that he had applied to the profession of arms. A bewildering assortment of newspaper cuttings, the source of much good-natured raillery among his friends, was his principal provision for the platform. Want of acquaintance with historical precedent and constitutional doctrine were atoned for by personal frankness of manner and simplicity of address in the candidate. Eloquence he had none; only downright common-sense and the power to express it in sledge-hammer style. His opponent was the most gifted orator in Europe, yet the memorable result was that Wauchope pulled down Mr. Gladstone's majority to a very manageable figure. In the opinion of his supporters he would have scored a clear win, but for the staunchness with which he stuck to his honest convic-

tion by declaring against the Eight Hours Bill for miners. "On July 13th," writes Mr. Morley in his Life of Gladstone, "his own Midlothian poll was declared, and instead of his old majority of 4,000, or the 3,000 on which he counted, he was only in by 690. His chagrin was undoubtedly intense, for he had put forth every atom of his strength in the campaign."

One is tempted to turn from the heat and heart-burning of the poll to matters of a very different tenour which engaged Wauchope's attention during this same year 1892. He had become engaged to Miss Jean Muir, and surely a tenderer, more touching tribute was never offered by a knight to his lady-love than the following:

"I've been looking for this enclosed everywhere, and at last I've found it. It is my red heckle, as worn in my helmet in the years 1885 and 1886. I was also at Suakim in 1884. The red heckle is what the old 42nd loves—it is our distinguishing mark. I have been shot with that red heckle. Keep it as long as you are my wife. It really is what I love best of that kind of thing—it has so much in it; or rather, it represents so much to me of old tradition of noble men who gave their all for this old land. It isn't beautiful, and it is faded, but I do love it so dearly. [Here follows an account of how the plume was won from a French dragoon regiment in 1798.] . . . For nigh a hundred years our people have worn it, and they now treasure it as they do nothing else. . . . Keep it for my sake as long as you are alive—unless in action I run away, when you can throw it away."

Did space permit, stress should be laid upon Wauchope's relations with the men under his command. They were of an unusually intimate and thoughtful kind. He was more of the school of Moore than of Wellington, caring for his people, not merely as means to an end, but "as a father pitieth his children." "I'm just going to church with the men," he wrote to his future wife in 1893. "I like going to church with them—I like being in the middle of the men. What a lot I've lived with soldiers." In 1894 Wauchope realised his darling ambition in succeeding to command a battalion of Highlanders wearing the red heckle, a post which he only resigned to take over a brigade in the Egyptian campaign under Kitchener in 1898. The following year he was back for a few brief weeks at Niddrie-Marischal, when he received orders to take command of the Highland Brigade in South Africa.

"Chamberlain," he wrote to his sister, Lady Ventry, on the night before sailing, "Chamberlain is the greatest Minister we have had for generations, and though personally I loathe and hate and detest this war, I know it has long been inevitable, owing to the Dutch being determined to oust us in South Africa. . . . So I go in the knowledge that it is a righteous war and inevitable."

There is no need to dwell upon the closing scene of this life. The circumstances are fresh in everybody's memory; but Sir George Douglas, after close scrutiny of the evidence, has brought out two facts which it is good to note. First, he rejects as groundless the stories current at the time of angry difference between Lord Methuen and Wauchope as to the mode of attack upon the Boer position at Magersfontein.

"As to this interview," he says, "wild stories have been freely circulated, of which it is enough to say that they may be dismissed as resting on no evidence whatever. They form, in fact, a part of that crop of legend of which I have already spoken as having grown up with astonishing rapidity around the fallen General's name."

Equally vain are the stories about Wauchope's foreboding of death. "It was known through the brigade," says one writer, and his statement has been reiterated by Sir Conan Doyle, "that, from the moment of his landing in South Africa, Wauchope regarded his own death as certain." If that were so, observes Sir George, it surely is strange that the General's most intimate comrades were kept in ignorance of the fact. So different was the truth that, within a few hours of his going into his last action, Wauchope was making plans for his wife to join him at the seat of war.

The story of Magersfontein is told without any of that passion and recrimination which are too surely aroused by a serious reverse of arms. Sir George accounts for the sudden improvement of the defensive fighting of the enemy over that displayed at Belmont, Enslin, and Modder River, by the arrival of General Delarey to take command. The Boer rifle practice was too searching to allow the position to be reconnoitred by the usual means; why then, asks Sir George, was the balloon which arrived on the 7th December not employed for that purpose till the 11th, when the battle was in full swing? That is almost the only criticism which this author, with a discretion not universal among civilian writers, ventures upon Lord Methuen's dispositions.

Sir George Douglas has shown considerable skill and absolute fidelity in the narration of many anecdotes and traits illustrating Wauchope's character. Perhaps in a literary sense he had done better to condense his four hundred and odd pages into less space. But the memoir must be viewed from a standpoint not rigidly critical. "Andy" was a man of many friends, most of whom are alive at this day, and will delight in this minute portraiture of their fallen comrade. For the general public, the book stands as the record of a life put to the noblest account, and brought to that close which is the soldier's euthanasia.

THE VINDICATION OF NELSON.*

By A. T. Mahan.

BY this publication Mr. Gutteridge and the Navy Records Society have conferred a marked obligation upon English-speaking people generally. The reputation of a man like Nelson is part of the inheritance of the race; and, when unjustly assailed, it is a service to all to bring together, as is here done, all accessible information, chronologically ordered, suitably indexed, and with a bibliography so extensive as to indicate a close approach to completeness. In any given case, this method furnishes the means for a full elucidation of the truth, so far as the particular problem admits.

* "Nelson and the Neapolitan Jacobins." Documents relating to the suppression of the Jacobin Revolution at Naples, June, 1799. Edited by H. C. Gutteridge, M.A. (Navy Records Society.)

The Old Rye House Inn.

The Crown Inn, Broxbourne.

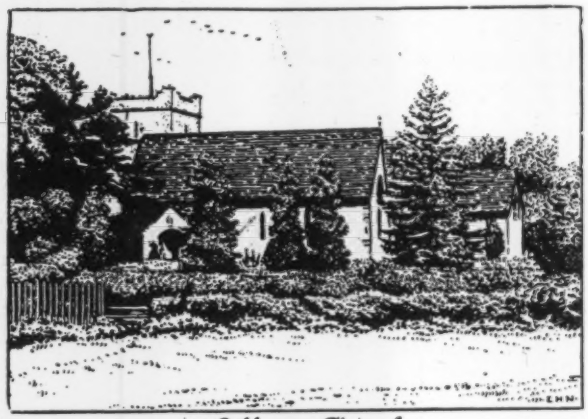
Izaak Walton's House at Shallowford, Staffordshire.

"Pickering Tor," Dove Dale.

Wolfscote Bridge and Franklyn Rock, Beresford Dale.

IZAAK WALTON COUNTRY.

(Reproduced, by kind permission of Mr. R. B. Marston, from his edition of "The Compleat Angler," containing views on the river Lea from photographs by Dr. P. H. Emerson, on the Dove and Wye by Mr. George Bankart.)



Selborne Church

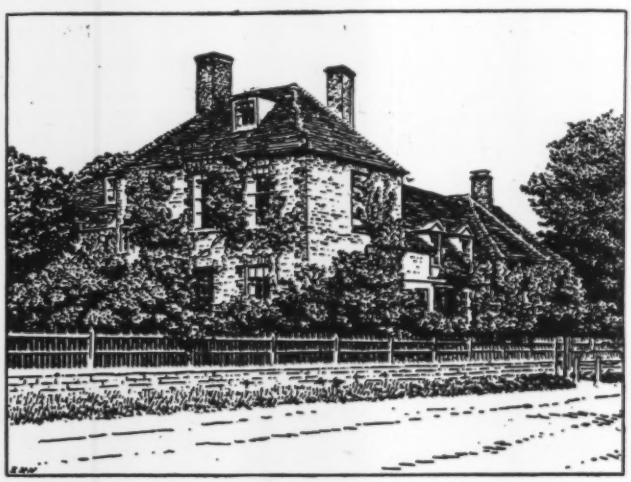
From a drawing by E. H. New.

"Romantic spot! from whence in prospect lies
Whate'er of landscape charms our feasting eyes;
The pointed spire, the hall, the pasture plain,
The russet fallow, or the golden grain,
The breezy lake that sheds a gleaming light,
Till all the fading picture fail the sight."
—Gilbert White's "Invitation to Selborne."

(Reproduced from Gilbert White's "The Natural History of Selborne," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

If evidence can be trusted, there is in this instance really no problem at all. The impressions and beliefs of a number of imperfectly informed contemporaries, based upon current rumour, irresponsible as rumours commonly are, have received form and solidity by being adopted, as a ground of denunciation, by certain politicians and historians in the past. The documentary data being unearthed—so far as research has as yet been able to effect—it is found upon examination that there is absolutely no ground for the accusation that the garrisons of the Neapolitan castles were inveigled by Nelson to come out, under the insinuation that he would confirm the terms improperly granted them by Ruffo. On the contrary, while the existence and wording of his Declaration, annulling Ruffo's engagement, have long been known, it is now established beyond reasonable doubt that it was sent in by Ruffo to the garrisons, which therefore came out with full knowledge of the conditions under which they surrendered. The surrender was unconditional—"to his Majesty's royal mercy." There is the truth, and there is the untruth; but what remains of the problem? Nothing, except the proverbial experience that falsehood dies hard.

The fact has to be stated thus baldly, because the man in the street has no time to investigate for himself data, even when so conveniently assembled as is here done. According to the laudable practice of the Navy Records Society in its several volumes, the editor, Mr. Gutteridge, has prefixed to his collection of 167 documents a summary narrative of all the occurrences preceding the transactions of June 24th-30th, 1799, upon the misrepresentation of which has rested the calumnious story that has clouded Nelson's good name. Mr. Gutteridge announces at the beginning that "the chief object of the volume is not to continue the controversy, but rather to bring together the mass of evidence, and reduce it to a form in which it will be accessible to the English reader, who may therein find the refutation of these charges"; but the interest of the situation, and, it may well be believed, sympathy continually aroused as the evidence accumulated for the subject of unjust aspersion, have been too strong for him. He gives, indeed, a terse and illuminative summary of an historical process, extending over several months; but as he reaches the culmination, in Nelson's intervention, the expounder becomes necessarily the advocate; for, in the demonstration of error and of truth, the balance inclines so overwhelmingly to one side, that the judge, without abandoning judicial impartiality, is compelled really to sum up for him whom the misrepresentation of a century has placed in the position of the defendant.



The Wakes in Bell's time

From a drawing by E. H. New. **Gilbert White's House.**

Fronting to, and opening upon, the little village street, almost opposite the 'Plestor' and church, stood a modest house, somewhat irregularly built of stone, edged with red bricks. This house, apparently erected about the end of the seventeenth century, is now known by the name of 'Wake's,' or 'The Wakes.' . . . Here he spent his boyhood, after his parents settled in Selborne, in his tenth or eleventh year; and this house, in spite of occasional absences, owing to the exigencies of school and university, and two or three short curacies (to say nothing of his numerous journeys to different parts of England), he never ceased to regard as his much-loved home during his whole life."—The Life and Letters of Gilbert White.

(Reproduced from "The Natural History of Selborne," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

The present writer has in the past been engaged in this controversy, and it is a matter of great satisfaction to see his main conclusions emphatically endorsed by the more recent study of Mr. Gutteridge. Briefly, the latter finds, on the three important points of the controversy: (1) that Ruffo in signing the capitulation of June 21st acted *ultra vires*, and that Nelson's statement to that effect is in full agreement with the facts of the case; (2) that Nelson was fully empowered to cancel Ruffo's action; (3) that the capitulation had not been effectively executed when Nelson intervened; and (4) that there is not the slightest proof at present of any foul play on Nelson's part, "in not opposing" the garrisons leaving the castles and embarking in the vessels prepared for them.

The phrase "at present," in the last sentence, is a reasonable suspension of final judgment, provided always that it be remembered that, in clearing up the mystery which so long enveloped this affair, each successive step has been a further vindication of Nelson's integrity in the matter. The decisive letter of June 25th, from Ruffo to Nelson, to the effect that the letter—Nelson's Declaration—had been sent in to the castles, was found only five years ago; by Mr. Gutteridge him-

self, I believe. It is not without corroborative evidence, but alone it establishes Nelson's averment, heretofore resting largely on his own word, that the rebels were informed they must surrender "to the royal mercy." The "at present" of Mr. Gutteridge alludes to the statement of a witness of very doubtful character—Micheroux—that he procured the evacuation of the castles on the strength of two papers signed by Lord Nelson, *at which the garrisons did not look before surrendering*, and of the existence of which no trace is elsewhere found. "At present" refers strictly to this disappearance. That Micheroux had no such papers is too much to assume; but it is not too much to repeat that the progress of investigation continually relieves Nelson from the baseless allegations of the past. It may therefore confidently be anticipated that, if these papers ever come to light, they will bear no such construction as Micheroux intimates; will contain nothing to have deceived the rebels into the belief that Nelson guaranteed them against the royal pleasure as to their fate.

In conclusion, Mr. Gutteridge has modestly limited the statement of his own services in the volume before us to the bringing together, and arranging, "the large mass of evidence which has been accumulated." He is entitled to claim much more than this. Not only is there a certain amount of new matter, but the collation of letters already published with the originals, the correction of translations, the filling up of gaps in a sequence of correspondence, constitute a preparation for which too much gratitude cannot be expressed by any one who wishes to investigate a subject, and finds the way thus smoothed. Imagine undertaking a Life of Nelson, for instance, antecedent to which the biographer should have to do for himself what Nicolas did for him. There is, besides, all the unchronicled work of overhauling papers, and of consulting persons having particular knowledge of sources, which underlies the completion of such a volume as that before us. Reverting to my opening remark, every lover of Nelson will doubtless, for this contribution to the vindication of his character, echo the thanks which I personally express to Mr. Gutteridge.

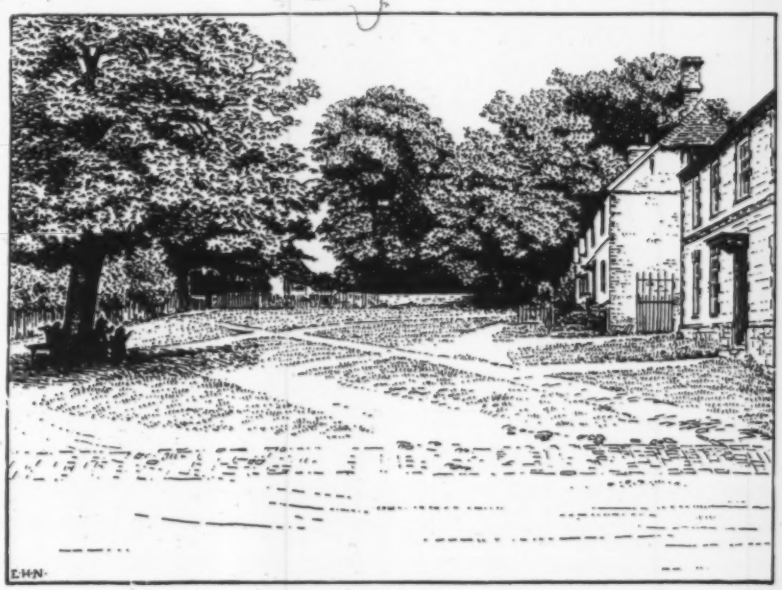
New Books.

FROM HUGO TO BALZAC.*

This translation of a well-known and instructive treatise on French literature under Louis Philippe deserves praise. Dr. Brandes, indeed, has a style which lends itself to excellent translation by its distinct form, lively onset, and frequent epigrams. But the English reads almost like an original. When we turn to the matter, we find that Romanticism takes a notable sweep and is made to include authors so strongly opposed as Lamartine and Balzac, or Sainte Beuve and Victor Hugo. Thus expanded, we may allow it to be what the critic maintains, "the greatest literary school of the nineteenth century." For my own part, I think such a definition too elastic. In Lamartine I perceive only a weak and watery tinge of true Romantic spirit; Sainte Beuve, I would suggest, ran away from school after "Volupté"; and Balzac is of another creation. Whatever be the essence of that indescribable yet undoubted mood which we term Romantic, I am at a loss to discover it in "Le Père Goriot," while granting that the "Human Comedian" has borrowed, once and again, its tone or its colouring. Sometimes I have yielded to the suspicion, which may be unjust, that for one of Dr. Brandes' birth and temper—not Christian, but modern Hebrew—the ideals of this early French movement were peculiarly difficult to seize. All genuine Romantics yearn after the transcendental, the infinite; they would somehow pierce "into eternity, our due." But their critic puts from him scornfully all "so-called revelation." He is no transcendentalist. And, of course, he is not even a bad Christian, as these men and women were without exception. Hence a certain failure to grasp the inward meaning of works which, as day-dreams turning to nightmares, in their very violence and disorder, through a red sunset of revolution, proclaim the old Christian truths, pity, fraternity, self-sacrifice.

At all events, Dr. Brandes writes under these limitations. He never has a word of sympathy for Church or religion, but assumes that we have done with such things altogether. He is not exactly a rabid antitheist like Beyle, whom he chides gently for outrageous language, but understands far better

* "The School of Romanticism in France." Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature. By Dr. George Brandes. Vol. V., 12s. net. (Heinemann.)



The Plestor

From a drawing by E. H. New.

"In the centre of the village, and near the church, is a square piece of ground surrounded by houses, and vulgarly called 'The Plestor.' In the midst of this spot stood, in old times, a vast oak, with a short, squat body, and huge horizontal arms extending almost to the extremity of the area. This venerable tree, surrounded with stone steps and seats above them, was the delight of old and young, and a place of much resort in summer evenings; where the former sat in grave debate, while the latter frolicked and danced before them."

(Reproduced from Gilbert White's "The Natural History of Selborne," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

than he does George Sand. In like fashion Mérimée wins warm acknowledgment, owing not merely to his mastery in French, but also to his critical, that is, decidedly hostile attitude towards the Catholic religion. Nothing, again, is more important in the book than the handling of Saint Simon, whose influence during the years between 1830 and 1848, especially on young writers, was deep and formative. But, though Saint Simon could not have existed, had the New Testament not been there to furnish him with principles which he caricatured, his forces told against Church and State equally. This does not constitute treason in Dr. Brandes' judgment. The vague revolutionary doctrine of Free Marriage, preached—and shall we say practised?—by George Sand, is described as if it were emancipation. Much more could be written on this head; enough, let me hope, has been hinted to show the tendency of criticism that always deals with Christian estimates of life as belonging to a by-gone age.

Having noted the drift, I am bound to say that the substance of Dr. Brandes' composition is full of interest, fair and accurate, so far as I am able to judge, and a real introduction to authors whom the English public would be slow to comprehend of themselves. I wish that Hugo had been treated as a whole, including the prose-romances which mark his later period. Alfred de Musset is handled with insight and sympathy. Balzac, an exhausting subject, seems to leave his critic palpitating as in a match too hard for him. And we could have borne a few more specimens of Gautier's verse. When we come to Sainte Beuve, hand clasps hand with fraternal feeling; these chapters, which are at once an apology for criticism as a fine art and show to admiration what it can do at its best, will repay careful study. I end with a passage on "the overlooked and forgotten," highly creditable to the writer, and no less pregnant with meaning for readers, if they would lay it to heart. Says Dr. Brandes, speaking of literature, "The very character of the work is fatal to many. It is work that knows nothing of days of rest, that exhausts the nervous system, that cannot be done leisurely, because only that which the author produces at white heat has the power of affecting the reader. . . . It is work which, as a rule, is very badly paid. It is work which, being entirely intellectual, refines the senses of the workman and heightens his sensibilities to a degree incompatible with his position and surroundings, yet which at the same time incorporates him with those surroundings, in which he must observe the same rules and conditions as his neighbours. Hence, in the case of many, a thirst for life, for variety, for beauty, for experience, which, remaining unslaked, preys upon the vitals, and is called by the world decline, or consumption, or madness."

Yes, it is true. Literature, which young men proudly term a priesthood, lays its priest on the altar and does not relent at sight of his pangs. But it is not only Chatterton who commits suicide. De Musset, the victor, kills himself like the vanquished. And both are often insane. The "Romantic School in France" is melancholy reading. These bright spirits were mostly, if not altogether, fallen angels.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE DAWN OF ENGLISH CRITICISM.*

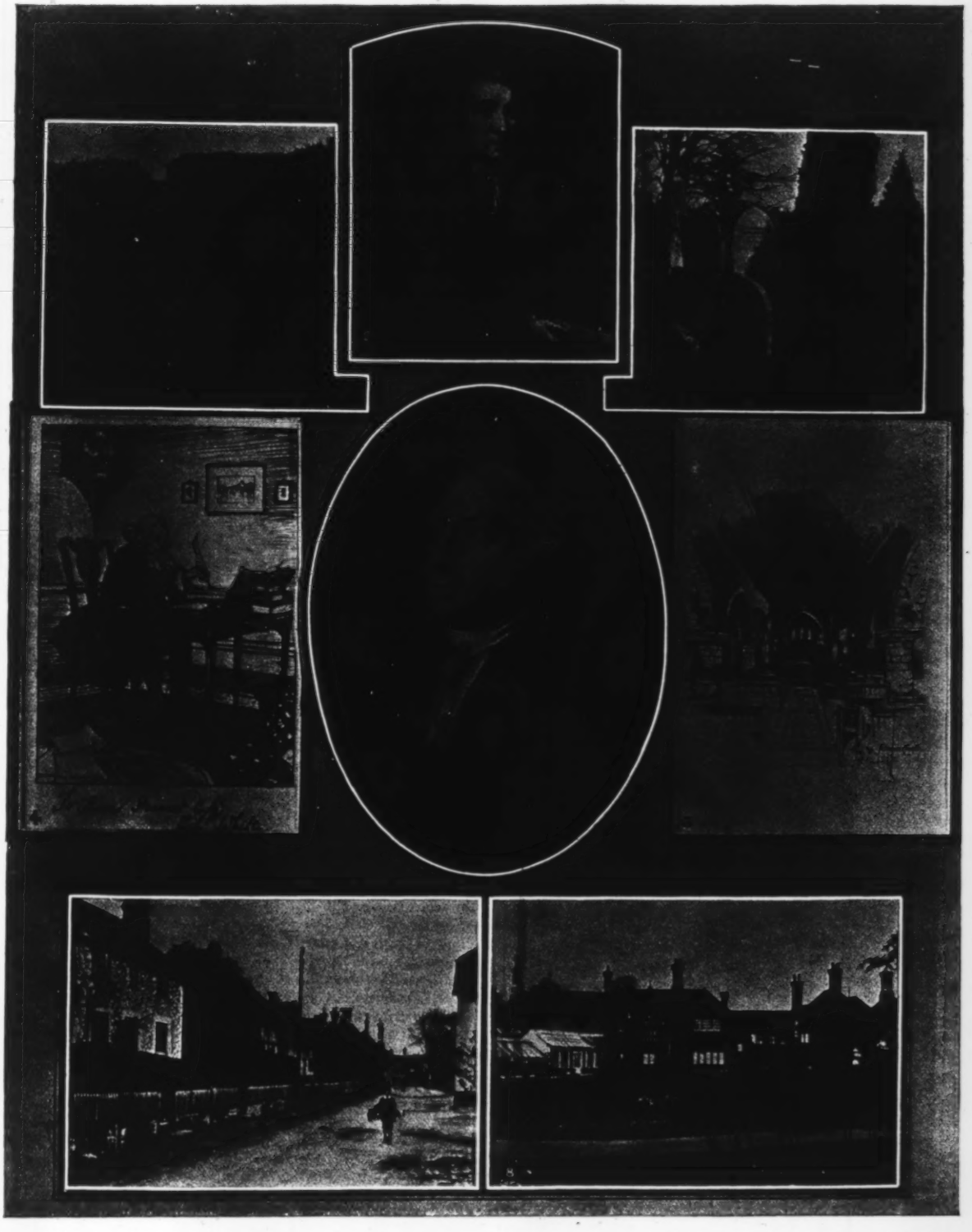
Very nearly a hundred years ago were published Joseph Haslewood's two volumes of "Ancient Critical Essays upon English Poets and Poësy." It is not too much to say that the collection owed its existence entirely to the fact that the essays were ancient, and not because they were critical; for in "that past Georgian day" there was a very sharp line of demarcation between the antiquarian and the scholar. Within the province of literature that gap has long ago been bridged, and it is no news to any citizen in the republic of letters that for some years past there has been a fierce and friendly rivalry between British and American universities in the work of critical exploration. In no branch of scholarship has more activity been recently displayed than in the study of comparative criticism, and it is matter for congratulation that the latest success in this field has been gained by Mr. Gregory Smith for the Universities of Oxford and Edinburgh, instead of being wrested away by Harvard or Yale. It is increasingly difficult in these days to peg out a new claim in literary research, but Mr. Gregory Smith has not only done this, but he has exhausted its possibilities by dint of an untiring industry, and by the possession of no ordinary equipment of knowledge and of critical power.

Since Johnson's emphatic pronouncement, the paternity of English criticism has generally been ascribed to Dryden, even Arnold being unable to abstain from the fetich-worship of a famous phrase. The value of our older English criticism has long been obscured by a curious and quite uncritical modesty. There was no foundation in fact for Hazlitt's grief that the greatness of Shakespeare was first discovered in Germany, but the injustice meted out to our eighteenth century critics is as nothing compared with the neglect suffered by their Elizabethan predecessors. Of the work of the latter we are now for the first time presented in Mr. Gregory Smith's volumes with an adequate and representative selection, and there cannot but be general agreement with the finding of the editor who sees "in these registers the genuine beginnings of a literary 'kind' in England, and the first hints of the true temper of English criticism." Mr. Gregory Smith is too good a critic to weaken his case by overstatement. He makes no extravagant claims regarding the intrinsic value of Elizabethan criticism, but he has no difficulty in establishing the very important conclusions that underlying all its diversities of origin and of statement there may be found a marked unity of critical theory, and that in it must be sought the fountain source of the classical tradition.

An excellent feature of these selections is their inclusion not only of the more formal and academic disquisitions on criticism, but of various prefaces and dedicatory epistles. Obviously it is in the latter that we may hope to discover the truest indication of the critical temper of the time. Elizabethan criticism everywhere bears marks of the accident of its historical origin. It was as an answer to the Puritan attack on mediævalism, the drama, and the growth of Italian influence on society and literature that English criticism took shape, and it was only by a kind of odd chance that men like Puttenham and Sidney found themselves driven by the necessities of controversy to deal with the metaphysic of criticism. The fact that the popular literature which the Puritans attacked had nothing in common with the literature which Sidney defended renders the controversy not only obscure, but somewhat futile, and its whole importance lies in its secondary results. From attacking "poet-whippers," "brainless bussards," and "balductums," the defenders proceeded to formulate with remarkable clearness and emphasis nearly all the chief points in the canon of the future classical school. In their emphasising the value of the best models, in their advocacy of restraint and symmetry and "decorum," in their harmless passion for the hexameter, in their theories of diction, there is clearly manifest the presence of what Mr. Gregory Smith happily terms an "incipient classicism." In a criticism so tentative and experimental as that of the Elizabethans, it would have been wonderful had any one theory held the field, and it is no less in accordance with history than it is flattering to the good sense of the founders of English criticism that their work reflects romantic as well as classical tendencies. Daniel, with his "law of time," struck at the root of the matter by arguing that the literary artist's choice of subject must be conditioned not by convention, but by opportunity alone. The same writer, by boldly postulating his "own ease" as his critical guide, takes rank as one of the pioneers of æsthetic criticism. The fact that "the defence of poesy" happened to be left to courtiers had something to do with the introduction into critical methods of a new urbanity, and Mr. Gregory Smith pays a fine and merited tribute to "the enthusiasm, the generous wisdom, and, above all, the absolute temper of the *Apologie*." Nash and some others, on the other hand, maintained the highest traditions of the old cut-and-thrust swordsmen, and vilified their opponents in a manner of which only enraged schoolmen have the secret. The contents of these volumes not infrequently remind us of their strictly polemical origin, and there is consequently no reason to say of them, as Swift said of the *Tatler*, that they are "cruel dull and dry."

On the much disputed question as to the obligation of English criticism to the Italians, Mr. Gregory Smith is on the side of Mr. Spingarn against Mr. Symonds. In his long and valuable introduction he enters fully into this question of sources, and he marshals an array of striking evidence that

* "Elizabethan Critical Essays." Edited with an Introduction by G. Gregory Smith. In two volumes. 12s. net. (Clarendon Press.)



A PAGE OF GILBERT WHITE PICTURES.

1. The Zig-zag Path at Selborne. Photo by W. T. Green, Winchester.
2. Portrait of the Honourable Daines Barrington. Rischgitz Collection.
3. Gilbert White's Grave. Photo by W. T. Green, Winchester.
4. "A Letter to Pennant." From a drawing by E. J. Sullivan. As no authentic portrait of Gilbert White exists, the artist has been obliged to draw on his imagination, taking as a guide the various descriptions of the author's personal appearance and the family portraits. (Reproduced from "The Natural History of Selborne," by kind permission of Messrs. A. Constable and Co.)
5. Portrait of Thomas Pennant, Esquire. Rischgitz Collection.
6. The Interior of Selborne Church. From a drawing by Herbert Railton. (Reproduced from "The Natural History of Selborne," by kind permission of Messrs. A. Constable and Co.)
7. Selborne Street. Photo by W. T. Green, Winchester.
8. Gilbert White's House, "The Wakes," at the present time. Photo by W. T. Green, Winchester.

the Elizabethan critics borrowed as freely from the Italians as they certainly borrowed from one another. But, unlike Sir Fretful Plagiary, they always "stole with taste," and to their borrowings they succeeded in giving a peculiarly English colouring which has been reflected in all subsequent English criticism. To France, at least, they owed nothing, and the interesting parallelism in that case is synchronous, and not derivative.

The volumes are in every respect a model of editorial accuracy. A comma misplaced and a faulty figure are the sole errata we have noticed in a work surcharged with difficulties both for editor and for printer. The editor's introduction is a sound and valuable contribution to the history of English criticism. Too many introductions have as little connection with the subsequent text as a flying column to the army that follows. Mr. Gregory Smith has chosen the better, if less pretentious, way. His introduction deals chapter and verse with the text of his book, with the result that it is at once a real introduction, an illuminative commentary, and a scholarly critique. The same quality is exhibited in the notes. Good notes invariably make good reading, and when the reader of these volumes is wearied of the clash of controversy, he will find balm and healing, much instruction, and not a little humour in the notes and appendices of these important volumes, the excellence of which makes it imperative that they should be followed by a similar anthology of Jacobean criticism. J. H. LOBBAN.

BEATTIE AND HIS FRIENDS.*

Among the poets of Scotland are two Beatties, and both were born in Kincardineshire in the eighteenth century. George—the younger of the two, and author of "John o' Arnha'," and "The Murderit Mynstrell"—came to a tragic and untimely end in the churchyard of St. Cyrus. James, with whom the present work deals, was not only a poet, he was also a distinguished essayist, a philosopher, a professor,

* "Beattie and his Friends." By Margaret Forbes. 15s. net. (Constable and Co.)

From a Nature Photograph. **The Missel Thrush at Nest.**

"The missel-thrush is, while breeding, fierce and pugnacious, driving such birds as approach its nest, with great fury, to a distance. The Welsh call it *pen y llwyn*, the head or master of the coppice. He suffers no magpie, jay, or blackbird, to enter the garden where he haunts; and is, for the time, a good guard to the new-sown legumens."

(Reproduced from Gilbert White's "The Natural History of Selborne," by kind permission of Cherry and Richard Kearton and of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

The Hanger, Selborne, from Grange Farm.

"The high part to the south-west consists of a vast hill of chalk, rising three hundred feet above the village; and is divided into a sheep down, the high wood, and a long hanging wood called the Hanger. The covert of this eminence is altogether beech, the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage, or graceful pendulous boughs."

(Reproduced from Gilbert White's "The Natural History of Selborne," by kind permission of Cherry and Richard Kearton and of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

and the renowned antagonist of Hume. His lot might have been a happy one; but his wife, who in Samuel Johnson's eyes was "a very lovely woman," had unfortunately inherited "a distempered imagination," which, in a few years after their marriage, so manifested itself as to embitter every hour of his life, and at length developed into downright insanity. She survived him; but both of his sons died in early manhood. Thus sorely tried and disappointed, and far from being robust, he nevertheless held on until he had almost completed his sixty-eighth year. He was exceedingly fortunate in his first biographer, Sir William Forbes, who had been his intimate friend and correspondent for eight-and-thirty years, and sincerely admired him. Sir William printed many of his letters, and so popular was his work, first issued in two quarto volumes in 1806, that a second edition, in three octavo volumes, was published next year.

Beattie's papers having fallen into the hands of Misses Margaret and Mary Forbes and Miss Knight, they decided that the first named of the three should examine them, in order to see if there were anything in them of interest to the public, that had not been already published by Sir William Forbes. The result is a goodly octavo volume of fully three hundred somewhat closely printed pages. The work was done by Miss Margaret Forbes, and revised by her, in the hope of having it ready by the centenary of Beattie's death in August, 1903; but she died in the preceding January, and the other two ladies have seen it through the press. To the gifted authoress the work has evidently been a labour of love, and it will be prized for the fresh light it throws upon Beattie, and on so many of the eminent men and women with whom he came in contact.

Some of the new matter, though interesting, loses its freshness when compared with what had been previously printed. For example, the remarks on a Scotchman's difficulty in writing good English, now given from a letter to Mrs. Montagu, sound like an echo of the letter to Lord Glenbervie which was published in 1806. It was impossible to exclude all the papers utilised by Sir William Forbes, but the variations in some of those quoted by both would lead one to infer that they have not in every case followed the same manuscript.

Reynolds' well-known allegorical painting, in which Beattie occupies such a prominent place, is now in Aberdeen University, and a reproduction from the mezzotint engraving of 1775 forms a striking frontispiece to this volume.

D. HAY FLEMING.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.*

Mr. Jacob A. Riis is a whole-hearted hero worshipper, and in "Theodore Roosevelt: the Man and the Citizen," he gives us a frankly enthusiastic appreciation of the god of his

* "Theodore Roosevelt, the Man and the Citizen." By Jacob A. Riis. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

From a Nature Photograph. **The Kingfisher.**

"A good ornithologist should be able to distinguish birds by their air as well as by their colours and shape; on the ground as well as on the wing, and in the bush as well as in the hand."

(Reproduced from Gilbert White's "The Natural History of Selborne," by kind permission of Cherry and Richard Kearton and of Messrs. Cassell and Co, Ltd.)

idolatry. He has worked with Mr. Roosevelt for the betterment of the poor of New York, and for some years has been on terms of personal friendship that enable him to write intimately of the President's private life as well as of his public career. This is not a formal biography, and at the outset Mr. Riis disclaims any intention to make it such. "I am just to write about Theodore Roosevelt as I know him," he says, "of my own knowledge or through those nearest and dearest to him." And the result is a pleasant, gossipy volume of stories and reminiscences concerning the President's boyhood, his schooldays, his fight for the purification of municipal government, his entry into politics, the famous doings of him and his Rough-Riders in the Spanish-American War, and his election to the great office he so worthily fills to-day.

Some of President Roosevelt's mottoes, Mr. Riis rightly considers, go far to explain his success. He has always been more ambitious to do his work well than to win personal distinction by it, holding that "it is better to be faithful than famous." Says Mr. Riis, "He would rather be right than be President any day." Long before he achieved success, he was "a believer in the gospel of will. Nothing is more certain, humanly speaking, than this, that what a man wills himself to be, that he will be. Is he willing to put in all on getting rich, rich he will get, to find his riches turning to ashes in his dead hand; will he have power, knowledge, strength—they are all within his grasp. The question for him to decide is whether they are worth giving up a life to, and having decided, to give it to his ambition." You cannot make opportunities for yourself, but you can go where opportunities are, and that was Roosevelt's method. "I put myself in the way of things happening," he said, "and they happened." His ideal of conduct is at once the simplest and the highest. "I know absolutely no man," writes Mr. Riis, "who so carefully weighs all the chances for and against, ever with the one dominating motive in the background—Is it right?—to steer him through."

"A Young Man's Hero" is one of the most stimulating chapters in the book. "Now, then, a word to these young men who, all over our broad land" (we quote Mr. Riis again), "are striving up towards the standard he sets, for he is their hero by right, as he is mine. . . . The struggle to which you are born, and in which you are bound to take a hand if you would be men in more than name, is the struggle between the ideal and the husk; for life without ideals is like the world without the hope of heaven, an empty meaningless husk. It is your business to read its meaning into it by making the ideals real. The material things of life are good in their day, but they pass away; the moral remain to bear witness that the high hopes of youth are not mere phantasms. Theodore Roosevelt lived his ideals; therefore you can trust them." What it must mean to a nation to have a man of such cleanly private and public life, of such fearless honesty and high moral courage at the head of it—if you cannot guess for yourself, you may gather from Mr. Riis' records. It is a breezily written and intensely interesting volume, and is illustrated with a number of excellent photographs and drawings.

AN ELIZABETHAN ROMANCE.*

It were hard to find in any romance a love more touchingly noble and beautiful than the love of Damaris Sedley for Sir Mortimer Ferne. Sir Mortimer is a handsome, gallant adventurer of the Sir Francis Drake type, but his heroic qualities are leavened by a more delicate poetical temperament, and something of the almost feminine gentleness that so often goes with it. Which, however, takes nothing from his high courage, though the rougher among his hardy associates fail to realise this. He has behind him, when the story opens, the record of a disastrous defeat in a former expedition, and, as usual in such cases, rumour falsely hints that some lack of soldierly daring on his part was to blame for it. He is eager to retrieve his reputation; a new expedition under Sir John Nevil is on the eve of sailing to the Spanish Main in search of treasure, and Sir Mortimer is to accompany it as captain of the good ship *Cygnet*.

Before setting sail, he goes with his bosom friend Harry Sedley to say farewell at Court—more especially to get an opportunity of saying a farewell to Sedley's sister Damaris, who is one of Elizabeth's maids of honour. He has been secretly in love with Damaris for some little while, and now, at last, telling her of his passion, he learns that she loves him, and they plight troth with each other.

* "Sir Mortimer." By Mary Johnston. 6s. (Constable.)

From a Nature Photograph. **Sparrow-hawk and Young.**

"About the tenth of July in the same summer a pair of sparrow-hawks bred in an old crow's nest on a low beech in the same hanger; and as their brood, which was numerous, began to grow up, became so daring and ravenous, that they were a terror to all the dames in the village that had chickens or ducklings under their care. A boy climbed the tree and found the young so fledged that they all escaped from him."

(Reproduced from Gilbert White's "The Natural History of Selborne," by kind permission of Cherry and Richard Kearton and of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

He has every reason to think life sweet, and to desire to come back from his perilous ventures alive. Through a lusty and vividly-pictured sea-fight with the Spaniards, he and his comrades come to the coast town of Nueva Cordoba, capture it in dashing style, and threaten the fort on the hill, to which the Governor, Don Luiz de Guardiola, has withdrawn with his troops. Sir Mortimer reconnoitres, and devises a plan to win the place by storm that night; but early in the day, repulsing a sortie, he is wounded and made prisoner. Night coming, the adventurers, led by Sir John Nevil, the brave, blustering Captain Baldry, and others of their officers, carry out Sir Mortimer's plan, only to find that they have been betrayed; the enemy has hastily prepared traps into which many stumble blindly, and the rest are driven back with terrible slaughter. So unreservedly have their arrangements been disclosed to the Spaniards that two of their four ships, which had been left for the nonce almost undefended, are attacked and destroyed in the darkness, and the survivors of the storming party barely escape with their lives on the two remaining vessels

They find Sir Mortimer lying, haggard and bleeding and half-unconscious, on the beach, and take him with them, and aboard the admiral's ship he declares that it was he who had betrayed them. They had racked him till he was mad and, to save himself, played the Judas. "He wore no doublet, and his shirt was torn and stained with blood, but in a last and subtlest mockery De Guardiola had restored to him his sword. He drew it now, held the blade across his knee, and with one effort of all his strength, broke the steel in twain, then threw the pieces from him, and turned his sunken eyes upon the admiral. 'I beg the shortest shrift that you may give,' he said. 'It is I who, when they tormented me, told them all. Hang me now, John Nevil, in the starlight.'" They spare his life, because of the old affection and admiration they have for him; but Damaris' brother, and many another, have been left behind among the dead, and he feels that he, by his cowardliness, has murdered them. In England, the rumour of his shame runs before him; a scoundrelly ballad of his perfidy is sung up and down the country; he is, for the most part, shunned with pity or contempt, but schools himself not to resent it, feeling it is no more than his due, and all their scorn is as nothing beside his own crushing contempt of himself. The suffering that he, with his sensitive spirit and knightly code of honour, endures from this withering sense of his unspeakable degradation is subtly and pathetically portrayed. He sees Damaris again; owns his shame to her, offering no excuse for himself, and, by the Queen's orders, banishes himself to his lonely house in the country.

Later, rousing from his stupor of despair, he sells house and lands, buys a ship, and, since no men of honour would serve under him, mans it with motley ruffians who are ready to fight for any captain who can pay them, and prepares to sail back to Nueva Cordoba in the hope of rescuing any prisoners who may survive there, and of wreaking vengeance on Don Luiz. Damaris, out of her great love for him, comes to him in his garden the evening before he quits his home, so that he goes glad in the knowledge that she loves him in spite of all, and heartbroken that he can never make himself worthy to return and claim her. The purpose of his voyage is frustrated; there are no prisoners at Nueva Cordoba, they had been brutally done to death, and Don Luiz is no longer Governor of the place. He becomes a wanderer, worn and white-haired with his misery, and a year or two later falls in with Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Nevil, who are besieging Cartagena, and here, while Sir John stands his friend and Drake is distant with him, a strange truth comes to light at a banquet given to the Spanish officers who are there to negotiate terms. One of them was at Nueva Cordoba, and grown garrulous with wine, tells a story of how it was another who had betrayed Sir John there, and how when Sir Mortimer was restored to consciousness after fainting under torture, the Governor maliciously duped him, and made him dupe himself into a belief that, raving in his agony, he had turned traitor. The whole scene is very finely imagined and wrought to a pathetic and thrillingly dramatic climax.

It is altogether a brilliant piece of work. The people of the book are intensely human and alive; the plot is plausibly and cleverly contrived, and fashioned with rare art into an absorbingly interesting romance.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

THE WAY OF THE SEA.*

Long before you have finished reading "The Way of the Sea" you will be in fullest agreement with Mr. Frank T. Bullen who, in his admirable little preface, ranks the author with Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. Rudyard Kipling as a true interpreter of the eerie moods and mystery of the deep. All the stories are of the hard and perilous lives of the men who are engaged in the Newfoundland fisheries; men of rugged, elemental natures, who from long and intimate acquaintance with the sea, have grown to regard it almost as a sentient creature, and to endow it with attributes of cruel and supernatural intelligence. There is a weird suggestiveness in the way they foresee that the man who instinctively fears the sea is destined to be drowned in it; their religion is a grim, materialistic superstition, their God a dark and dreadful power they cannot love, but seek to propitiate at times in fear and trembling. The effect on their primitive minds of the loneliness, the monotony, the sordid narrowness and constant danger of the lives they lead, is shown with wonderful insight. For dramatic intensity and sheer graphic descriptive force there is probably no finer story in the book than "The Strength of Men," in which the ship drives before a gale, amidst blocks of drifting ice, straight upon the rocks, and the captain gives the word and every man starts to save his own life; by common consent the crew put their humanity aside for the nonce and fight each for himself, one sacrificing another to his personal safety, without compunction and unblamed. The elemental fury of this desperate struggle, amid a blinding snowstorm, is a splendid bit of realism. In strong contrast to this, and to most of the other stories, is the grotesquely humorous narrative, "Concerning Billy Luff and Master Goodchild," with its beautifully pathetic close. Everyway, this is a remarkably original book—one that having read you cannot but remember. Mr. Duncan has an intimate knowledge of the ways of the sea, and of the men and the manner of life that is lived on the bleak coast of Newfoundland; his scenes have colour and atmosphere, his men and women are alive, and he writes with a picturesque narrative style that is singularly effective.

WALTON AND HIS CIRCLE.†

In a "humble contribution to Waltonian lore," as the author himself styles his book, "Izaak Walton and His Friends," Mr. Stapleton Martin accomplishes more than his intention "to enamour those who hitherto have known but little of Walton, with his life-character and writings," and to give fresh ideas to those who already know something of the subject; he succeeds in helping Walton lovers to help themselves by putting in a concise form a mass of information with clear references to its sources.

Mr. Martin's method of work may be described as "pigeonholing facts," and though this plan does not tend altogether towards cohesion and continuity of ideas, it is useful in handling the side issues of his subject, which cover so wide a field that to sustain a running narrative presents considerable difficulties, if not insuperable obstacles. To take an instance. Mr. Martin deals with the twenty-six famous ecclesiastics (among them Ken, Chillingworth, Fuller, Sheldon, Hales, King, Sibbes, Ussher, and Brian Duppa) who were Walton's friends. He gives of each a brief biographical sketch, detached and complete in itself. "The Lives" are similarly treated, in a fashion well calculated to deepen the interest in Walton's lesser-known writings. Cotton and Venables are apportioned a chapter each.

Mr. Martin writes principally for those who know only of Walton as a "Fisherman," and with a view to bring out the spiritual side of his subject's personality; in short, he aims at reanimating Walton the man, rather than the angler, and this is doubtless his reason for devoting a very small proportion of his space to "The Compleat Angler" itself. Into comparatively few pages, however, he manages to compress a fund of information concerning the editions of the work, and includes various criticisms of it from the pens of well-known writers. "It breathes," says Charles Lamb, "the very spirit of innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart; there are many choice old verses interspersed in it; it would

* "The Way of the Sea." By Norman Duncan. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

† "Izaak Walton and His Friends." By Stapleton Martin, M.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it, it would Christianise every discordant angry passion; pray make yourself acquainted with it."

A chapter on "The Fishing House" (the author kindly permits a reproduction of the excellent illustration), while it serves to complete a certain section of his work, seems oddly sandwiched in among biographical matter. On the other hand, Mr. Martin's dissertation on the authenticity of the authorship of "Love and Truth" and "Thealma and Clearchus," though not perhaps conclusive, for he seems to have no very decided theory of his own on either point, cannot fail to be of interest. With reference to the former of these treatises, particulars are given of the two copies at the British Museum, the earlier edition of which bears a MS. note by William Pickering, throwing some light upon the controversy. After describing slight variations in the copy in Emmanuel College, Cambridge, one of which is a correction apparently in Walton's handwriting, Pickering infers that "Its advertisement may have been written by Walton, and the work probably seen through the press and the copy given by Walton to Archbishop Sancroft, but I do not believe that the two letters were written by Walton (see his Life, by Nicolas, p. 101). Although Dr. Zouch has confidently asserted that they are by him."

Regarding Walton's trade, the author takes the opposite view from that of Mr. Marston, and states that reasoning on the same lines as those which made Walton out an ironmonger might equally have proved him an attorney. Walton was saturated with theology from his youth upwards, and "the man who only knows of him as a fisherman," says Mr. Martin, "will receive a mighty revelation when he discovers he was a most religious man, as well as a theologian and a literary one, though also 'undoubtedly the best angler with a minnow in England.'"

A noticeable feature of the volume is the selection at the end from the poetry of Walton himself, Cotton, Donne, Wotton, and Herbert, and some of Duport's Latin verses, printed in many editions of "The Compleat Angler," of which Mr. Martin gives an English version. Among these poems are the famous "Elegie upon Dr. Donne," Cotton's verses on Walton, "Sunday," and "Laudatorum Carmina," dedicated by Duport "To the best of Men and the most skilled of Anglers, Izaac Walton."

The illustrations to the book are good and well chosen, Walton's statue in the screen at Winchester Cathedral deserving special mention. They give the finishing touch to a volume which should fill, and continue to fill, an important corner of the bookshelves devoted to Waltonian literature.

F. HAMEL.

From an etching by W. Strang. **Richard Jefferies.**

"His hair was dark-brown; his beard was brown, with a shade of auburn; his forehead both high and broad; his features strongly marked; his nose long, clear, and straight; his lower lip thick; his eyebrows distinguished by the meditative droop; his complexion was fair, with very little colour. The most remarkable feature in his face was his large and clear blue eye; it was so full that it ought to have been short-sighted, yet his sight was far as well as keen. His face was full of thought."—Sir Walter Besant's "The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies."

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.)

THE TRAGEDY OF THE HALF-CASTE.*

The fiction of the present year has produced no first book of greater promise than "Souls in Bondage," by Mr. Perceval Gibbon. As a writer of short stories and magazine verse of exceptional quality, Mr. Gibbon has during the last year or two awakened expectations which his first novel almost completely fulfils. What defects there are in this book arise almost wholly not from weakness but from misdirected strength, and if the author occasionally, on the constructive side, betrays his inexperience in painting on so large a canvas, the excellence of his work is still sufficiently great to bring him a large accession of readers, and to justify on their part the belief that they have aided in the discovery of a novelist destined to take very high rank.

Though it has one idyllic interlude, charmingly told but not very cleverly introduced, the story which Mr. Gibbon tells is essentially tragic. Cecilia Du Plessis is the daughter of an Englishman and a Kafir woman, and her misfortune is that while she is "white" both in body and soul, she is destined to live amid the brutalising surroundings of a Kafir home. Her beauty in these circumstances was her curse, and partly from a loathing of her home, and partly from a yielding to the man's hypnotic influence, she became the wife of Bantam, "a coloured groom," whose like for sheer brutality there is not in fiction, nor, we should hope, in fact. Of the result of the luckless marriage it is enough to say that the domestic history of Mr. William Sykes is pleasant reading in comparison with it. Mr. Gibbon has erred here. The realism of Bantam's brutality is needlessly and inartistically underlined, and one cannot help the suspicion that the ruffian is drawn not from life but to illustrate the dreadful maxim that the half-caste inherits only the vices of his progenitors.

The subsidiary history of Peggy Graham and Joyce is as full of love and chivalry as the other is of almost repellent brutality. There are no loose ends in the story, but the two threads of the plot are not very closely interwoven. But of the characterisation of the book, and that is the main thing, there can be no two opinions. All the characters are instinct with vitality, and Mr. Gibbon has achieved this unusual result with a rare economy of words. Mr. Thwaites, the broken-down lawyer, glad to earn a shilling from a Kafir, but a gentleman to his finger-tips, is a creation of which any novelist might be proud. Mr. Gibbon's journalistic training has done him good service. He can draw both a place and a man vividly and succinctly. The writing of the book is of a distinctly high order. The novel may be capable of improvement in construction, and there may be crudities in its realism, but there is no redundant word in it from start to finish.

J. H. LOBBAN.

* "Souls in Bondage." By Perceval Gibbon. 6s. (Blackwood.)

ROBERT BURNS ONCE MORE.*

Of the making of Burns books there is no end. This must be at least the sixth volume devoted to the bard and his writings which has been published during the present year. But it has at any rate the merit of being on original lines. The author claims to have the honour of being the first to print in a single volume "the songs of Burns, with the melodies for which they were written." Robert Burns was possibly the most prolific versifier of any age. With the most marvellous rapidity how the verses rattled in their ranks year in year out during those two memorable working decades of his! and as a purifier of the national minstrelsy, he has no equal. The coarser element obtrudes itself occasionally, it is true, yet no man merits more of his country—and his country and countrymen have not been slow to show it—for the enthusiastic and patriotic manner in which he strove to raise the whole tone of her native song-literature. Hundreds of the most wretched compositions that were extant in Burns's day, and wedded, in many instances, to the most exquisite melodies, were taken hold of by Burns, their lines altered, or superseded, and the original airs left in their old-time beauty, or changed only slightly as was found expedient. Burns knew more of the popular music than any man of his time, and none was better fitted for the great task of readjusting and rejuvenating it. Byron and other poets refused to write for music that was already existing. It was Burns's pride and his passion to wed his verses to the old anonymous airs which had been ringing in the popular ear for a couple of centuries perhaps. His knowledge of music was only of an elemental order, certainly. We must not forget that. "His ear was dull, and his voice untunable." So said Murdoch, the only schoolmaster of Burns, who ought to know. About the higher methods of the musical art, he knew little, and probably cared less. But what he did know, was sufficient to carry him forward to success and fame as a song-writer and tone-poet of the first rank. He could at least *hum* the melodies that he came across during his boyhood and young manhood, and what is better, he remembered them years afterwards. From the year 1787, till his death, he was mainly concerned with two great musical publications—Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum," and Thomson's "Scotish Airs." Hundreds of songs passed through Burns's hands during this period, most of them being published anonymously. "For the mere love of the thing, and without fee or reward, ungrudgingly he worked day and night for the last nine years of his life to illustrate the airs of Scotland, and he died with the pen in his hand. His farming brought him no riches, his business of gauger only weariness, his songs nothing at all—then. But it is by his songs that he is best known and will be longest remembered." Mr. James C. Dick's volume contains no fewer than 361 of these songs and ballads, of which thirty are printed for the first time as the composition of Burns. The task of collecting and arranging this book must have been enormous, and students of Burns are under a deep debt of gratitude to the compiler, whose treasures seem to have been brought from every conceivable quarter. Historical Notes to the extent of no fewer than 150 pages, replete with the most valuable information, first-hand and up-to-date; a Glossary of the West Country vernacular; several MS. illustrations; a well-arranged Bibliography of Scottish Song-Literature, and copious Indices, make this one of the very best Burns books ever given to the public. For every lover of Burns, and of the old Scottish melodies, a rare treat is in store.

W. S. CROCKETT.

* "The Songs of Robert Burns." Now first printed with the melodies for which they were written; a Study in Tone-Poetry. By James C. Dick. 14s. net. (Henry Frowde.)

Novel Notes.

THE GIFT. By S. Macnaughten. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

There is some uncommonly clever character drawing in "The Gift," and none cleverer than that of the utterly selfish, gentle, clinging, helpless, attractive little Mrs. McNeill who, after the death of her first husband, becomes Lady Majendie. She is pretty, and wholly guileless and useless; her helplessness makes her something of a nuisance to many people, and at the same time strongly appeals to them, so that they all like her, and are willing to put themselves out to serve her. "Everyone has been so kind to me always," she says, when she is elderly and dying; "God will not be less kind," and "I am sure he did not mean to annoy me," she said to Eleanor, after the clergyman had left, "but he had false teeth which moved up and down; please do not let him come again." But in the main the story is of her daughter Eleanor, a complex and a more earnest personality. She is loved by a man whom she is disposed to fancy she is in love with, but being uncertain of herself, she baulks him of his chance to propose to her. Leaving her girlhood behind her, she is drawn towards a religious life, and goes to work in the slums, and gives it up when, shattered in health and hopes, she realises that she is doing it all for the love of a man and not of God. The love of the man is denied to her, and at last she receives the gift of the Greater Love, and is resigned and even happy. The story is carefully thought out, and written with a quiet strength, and with occasional touches of quaintest humour.

INCOMPARABLE BELLAIRS. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 6s. (Constable.)

After the death of her wealthy nabob, the Incomparable Bellairs proved the most difficult of widows. Readers of the Bath Comedy will have lively recollections of the ingenuity and intrepidity of Mr. O'Hara, and of the futility of his stratagems. It is pleasant once more to be back in that merry company, whose gaiety still shows no sign of eclipse. The widow is still as skittish as before, and Mr. O'Hara is still in hot pursuit whenever he hears the rustle of her skirts, or sees the twinkle of her little red shoes. At the end of the play the Incomparable Bellairs is indeed referred to as the future Lady Kilcroney, but it would be rash to infer from this that the quest of O'Hara is ended. We have a suspicion that Kitty has still many years of youth, and skittishness, and widowhood before her, and we do not deny that the suspicion is the daughter of the wish. A new and delightful character in the comedy is Rachel Peace, the beautiful Quaker actress. Her delineation suggests that her creators have success before them in other realms of fiction. The present book is gracefully dedicated to Mr. Austin Dobson, and it has some affinity to some portions of his verse. With the exception of Rachel Peace and Lord Mandeville, the characters in this charming story are not compact of flesh and blood. They are made of porcelain.

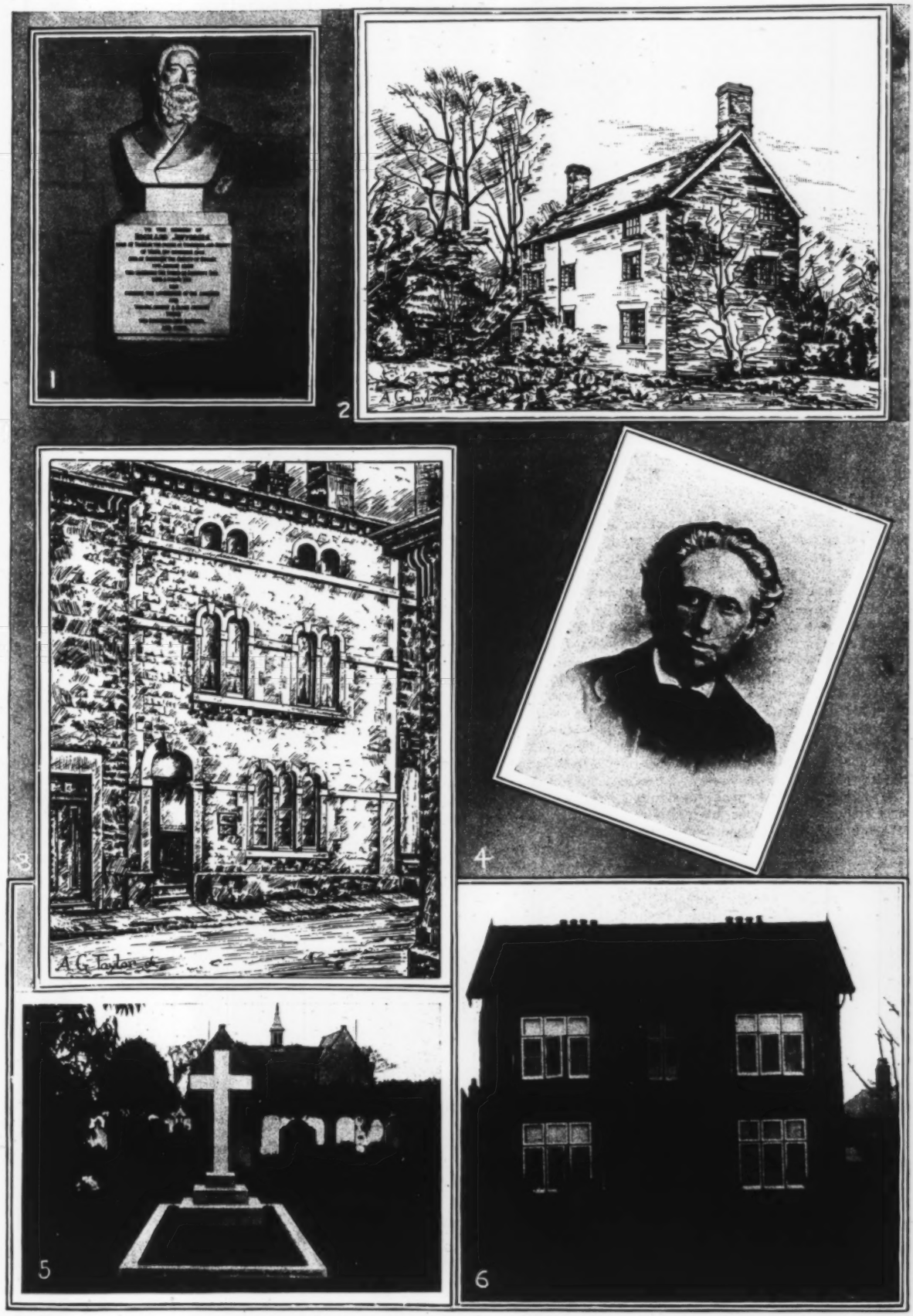
TALLY. By Emily P. Finnemore. 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)

The plot of this story is quite unworthy of the writing that vainly adorns it. The second half of the book is full of horror and tragedy, but the incidents that are supposed to lead up to this grim culmination are little short of comic. John Stannion, driven to exaggerated despair by the undesirable advances of a coarse country slut, decides to run for it, and persuades his true love, Tally, to go with him. But the night of the tryst was dark, and Stannion swung on to his horse in front of him not Tally, but the wicked Susie, and not content with this, the short-sighted Lochinvar did not realise his mistake until he had married the girl on the following morning. His fault was certainly inexcusable, but Mrs. Finnemore is too relentless in causing it to lead to Stannion's death on the scaffold. The plot, we think, is altogether wrong, but the book is none the less remarkable. If the word failure must be used at all, "Tally" is a brilliant failure. We should prefer to call it an exhibition of misdirected talent, the case of a true artist producing some wonderful effects, but handicapped with an impossible subject.

THE SHULAMITE. By Alice and Claude Askew. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

A DANGEROUS QUEST. By E. F. Young. 6s. (John Long.)

During the Boer War the South African novel was very much with us, but it died out with the war. Latterly, it has shown signs of revival, and in "The Shulamite" we have, perhaps, the best novel of its kind that has appeared since the publication of "The Story of a South African Farm." It is a brilliant study of Boer life and character—the story of a young girl, Deborah Krillet, married to a wealthy and uxorious old farmer, who yet can use her with a brutal harshness when he thinks it is for her soul's good. Robert Waring, a wandering Englishman, coming as overseer to the



A PAGE OF JEFFERIES PICTURES.

1. The Bust of Richard Jefferies at Salisbury. Photo by E. Targett, Salisbury.
2. The House at Coate, where Jefferies was born, on November 6th, 1848. (Reproduced from "Jefferies' Land," by kind permission of Mr. Arthur Young.)
3. The House in Victoria Street, Swindon, where Richard Jefferies lived after his marriage in 1874. (Reproduced from "Jefferies' Land," by kind permission of Mr. Arthur Young.)
4. Richard Jefferies at the age of 22. (Reproduced from "The Early Fiction of Jefferies," by kind permission of Mr. Arthur Young.)
5. The Grave of Richard Jefferies at Broadwater, near Worthing. Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN by W. C. Bristow, Worthing.
6. The House at Goring, near Worthing, in which Richard Jefferies died on August 14th, 1887. Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN by W. C. Bristow, Worthing.

farm, pities the girl, seeing how she loathes the autocratic old man she has been compelled to marry, and the two grow to love each other. But Waring is engaged to a girl in England, and his love of her and his sense of honour so restrain him that even when, in circumstances that justify the deed, he has shot her husband and Deborah is free, he yields to a sudden impulse, runs away to England, and marries the girl who is awaiting his return. But Deborah has a terrible hold upon him. She has connived at passing her husband's death off as an accident, and maddened by her fierce, primitive passion, she writes threatening, at all risks to herself, to denounce him as a murderer unless he comes back to her, and he dare not ignore her threat, yet cannot tell his wife of his peril. It is a very strong story, and the ending is finely imagined. "A Dangerous Quest" is a novel of a wholly different type. Its hero, an Englishman settled as a storekeeper in the Transvaal, loves the daughter of a Boer farmer, and, when the war breaks out, is compelled to part from her, and, going with other refugees to Cape Town, volunteers in Chatterton's Scouts, and fights through some of the most stirring episodes of the war in a very gallant and dashing fashion. It is a capital story, within its limits; full of love and rivalry and thrilling adventures, written brightly and with an evident knowledge of the country and its peoples.

THE SANYASI. By F. E. Penny. 6s. (Chatto.)

Peroo, the Sanyasi, was, as Miguel the butler explained, "a man of deep learning who had renounced the pleasures of the world, subdued all evil passions, and devoted himself entirely to his god. He lives in poverty on the alms of the charitable, who find thereby a welcome means of propitiating the deity. He never begs—and he passes his life in holy contemplation." Peroo wanders about in the neighbourhood of Madras. "His body was bare to the waist, and on his breast were smeared the sacred ashes worn by all ascetics"; and behind him walks his disciple, a youth of fourteen, beating a tom-tom, and carrying on his head "a pile of cooking vessels in which he prepared the master's food." He makes a wonderfully picturesque figure, this Sanyasi, and he moves through the pages of the book performing miracles and exerting a mystic but beneficent influence over the simple natives. For five months of every year he vanishes from his accustomed haunts, and is believed to have withdrawn into unknown solitudes for holy contemplation; but the fact is that at such times he is living a busy life elsewhere as Vytalingum, the prosperous merchant. In his wanderings as the Sanyasi he meets Averine Desormieux, and takes a curious interest in her welfare; as Vytalingum he writes to her at last, and she goes to meet him with the knowledge that he is her half-brother. His mother had been a native woman, and had brought him up in her own faith. "What you see me now, I am for some months of the year," he says. "Then comes a period of restlessness, when I seem to hear the gods calling. . . . At night, the Sanyasi with his alms-bowl, creeps forth unseen from the garden gate; he seeks his disciple; he gathers the people round him in sun and shade, making their joys and sorrows his. . . ." The gulf between them, the natural human affection that could only partly bridge it, the sharp contrasts of habit and nature that separate these two children of the same father, are admirably brought out. Mrs. Penny writes intimately of Indian life and character, and her story, which is steeped in the colour and atmosphere of the East, is a very brilliant achievement.

THE NEVER NEVER LAND. By Wilson Barrett. 6s. (Nash.)

Mr. Wilson Barrett's new novel is as frank and full-blooded a melodrama as ever set the gallery aroar at old Drury. Here are two gentlemanly outcasts, John Landon and Jack Mowbray, living wild lives in the Never Never Land of Queensland in Australia. John Landon, "a gentleman by birth and instinct," driven from home years ago by the brutality of a baronet step-father, has, presumably in a genteel way, become "a drunkard and an incurable opium fiend." Also he has married "Sal Berker, the dissipated wanton who picked me up in Pitt Street, Sydney, drunk; married me drunk; lived with me drunk; will die with me drunk"; which may not seem quite the thing for a gentleman by instinct to do, but he is doing it. And suddenly he gets a letter saying his step-father is dead, and his mother and his sister, who mentions that she does not remember to have seen him, urge him to come home at once. But how can he go with such a wife as Sal? It is a problem, and before it is solved he is killed while heroically saving the burning homestead of a neighbour, and with his dying breath makes his friend Jack Mowbray promise to go home in his name, assuming his identity. This is easily done, because the two men happen to look wonderfully alike, so Jack does it. Then he falls in love with the girl who is supposed to be his sister, and that helps to make things awkward. Sal, having a notion that she is entitled to her dead husband's estate, helps a little in the same direction, but she can't go far because it turns out that she committed bigamy when she married Landon, and her real husband is still inconsiderately alive. Read simply as a story, "The Never Never Land" is imaginative and ingenious, and full of entertainment.

The Bookman's Table.

"AS THE SPARKS FLY UPWARDS." By Dora Sigerson Shorter. 2s. 6d. net. (Moring.)

Mrs. Sigerson Shorter has a certain clarity of thought and utterance, a warmth of imagination and depth of emotion that differentiate her from most of the poets who are catalogued as belonging to the Celtic renaissance. She has the mysticism and wistful melancholy, the word-magic and eerie fancifulness that characterise the Celtic muse, but she joins to these qualities one, at least, that is greater and more abiding. Her creations have life and colour and definiteness, where so many others of this school achieve only wind and beautiful ghostliness; she brings her angels to earth, as it were, and humanises them, whereas those others but conjure mortals up into the skies and lose them in clouds. It could be no undistinguished book that contained ballads of such tender charm and simplicity as "Kathleen's Charity," so grimly tragic as "Sweet Marie," or so quaintly romantic as "The Deer-Stone," yet more exquisite than these, of higher inspiration and larger human tenderness are the poem of motherhood that gives its title to the book, and the beautiful and pathetic allegory of "The Child." This latter, if one may be pardoned for inadequately presenting it in a necessarily bald summary, is of a poor woodman and his wife to whom a child is born. They had found the world dreary and life barren, but the coming of the child transfigures everything—they discover that there are roses growing about their cottage, and the world is full of sunlight and happiness. The child grows up and goes forth to his work, and when he returns, a man, his gaze goes past his mother's face to rest on that of "a stranger maiden," and though the father says proudly, "This is my son," the mother's heart is sad for the loss of the little child she had loved.

"But when the night was still the woman went
Where slept the youth in his small room alone;
And from a hiding-place a casket drew,
With now a tear, and oft a stifled moan.

And from its perfumed hollow quick she brought
Two little shoes and held them to her heart,
Stained them with tears, with many kisses cried,
'O little feet that strayed from me apart.

'O little child that I shall see no more,'
She laid the casket in its hiding-place—
Then bent in prayer above her sleeping son,
Who smiled in dreaming of another face.

The whole poem is finely imagined, and delicately and most effectively wrought. It is a slender little volume, and that which is the chief virtue in many collections of contemporary verse is its chief fault—we could wish there was more of it.

MY MEMORIES. By the Countess of Munster. 12s. 6d. (Nash.)

The writer's memories go back to the reign of her grandfather, William IV. Her grandmother was "the famous, fascinating, and unhappy actress, Dorothy Jordan." The Countess of Munster did not in later days continue her practice of writing a diary, so that the present volume represents only what unaided memory has been able to salvage from the experiences of a long but not very eventful life. The title of the book is a little misleading, as the memories cover

only the first twenty-five years of the writer's life, and the work is somewhat unnecessarily extended by the addition of short disquisitions on such subjects as Refinement, Ballad-Singing, Servants, and such like. The work is gracefully and simply written, and there are some very interesting glimpses into the domestic life of Windsor and Hanover. There is a delightful picture of King Ernest Augustus personally superintending the ablutions of his grandson, the future Duke of Cumberland. Some fine photogravures add value to a book whose chief faults are its unnecessary length, and its want of an index.

MEN AND MANNERS OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC. By A. D. Vandam. 12s. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

The publishers are careful to explain that only half of this volume was in type at the time of the author's death, and that none of it received his revision. They are to be congratulated on the care with which they have produced the work, but in making up the volume from sundry contributions to periodicals they have not been entirely successful in giving the book a coherence of purpose and design. This is the more regrettable, as there is much admirable material in the book, the outcome of the author's life-long knowledge and study of French politics. As is well known from other works of his, Mr. Vandam was an uncompromising partisan, and his portraits of Gambetta and the other leading actors in the Third Republic are invariably painted with too broad a brush to be convincing. But Mr. Vandam explicitly disavowed any intention of writing history, and his work entirely fulfils its purpose of giving us a vivacious chronicle of personal impressions. The book is full of important and entertaining footnotes to history, and some of the additional chapters are of more than ephemeral value—notably that on "The Spy Mania and the Revanche Idea." On the death of the Prince Imperial Mr. Vandam observes that but for the nature of his father's will "the Prince Imperial might be alive and probably on the throne of his father. The command of some money to keep up his station in society fitly, and to indulge in some of the pleasures of a young man of his age, would have unquestionably prevented him from going to Zululand."

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND. By Elizabeth Davis Bancroft. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

These letters were written during the years 1846—1849, when Mr. Bancroft was American Minister in London. Mrs. Bancroft was as clever as she was charming, and it is plain that she owed her delightful experiences of London life as much to her own winning personality as to her husband's great position. The letters, which the anonymous editor has done well to rescue, are in the strictest sense of the word family letters, describing with absolute simplicity the writer's doings from day to day, and her impressions of English men and manners. London society during these three years was abnormally brilliant, and Mrs. Bancroft made the fullest use of her opportunities. In the interests of her letters she, indeed, saw too much, and when we should have welcomed a conversation reported, we are fobbed off with little more than a catalogue of names. But even the catalogue is good reading. It is amusing to find Samuel Rogers among the first names to greet us, and he is continually in evidence as an aged squire of dames. Eight pages of an index are required to enumerate all the celebrities Mrs. Bancroft met during these three years. There were breakfasts with Rogers and Moore, with Wellington and Peel, with Macaulay, Hallam, Milman, dinners at Holland House, visits to Jeffrey and Christopher North, and other delights too numerous to mention. Mrs. Bancroft describes all these things to her relatives with undisguised delight, and with an appreciation so flattering and sincere that her letters will find a ready welcome in the country which she once adorned as a guest.

FROM JOURNALIST TO JUDGE. By F. Condé Williams. (Morton.)

The author of this autobiography commenced life as the editor of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, but eventually deserted journalism for the Colonial Judiciary. His service on the bench commenced in Jamaica, and was continued in Natal and Mauritius. In the course of his career Judge Condé Williams has seen much of men and of countries, and as he is a shrewd observer his memoirs contain a good deal that is interesting.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.

The violence which has been systematically done to the taste of humanity by its machine-made household gods and its cheap vulgarity, is proved by the writing and publication and popularity of such books as **A History and Description of English Earthenware and Stoneware,** by William Burton, F.C.S. (30s. net). A dying, or almost killed, love for genuineness and beauty is asserting itself; we are now going madly in quest of what is old. Mr. Burton helps us in this as only an intelligent man and an expert can help us. He is a director of a notable pottery, and has been a chemist to that firm of world-wide fame, Josiah Wedgwood and Sons, and his descriptions and information are stamped with the stamp of sound and accurate knowledge. The volume is in itself a real art-book with its artistic teaching and its beautiful reproductions, also it is a valuable guide-book to collectors. In our worship of the antique, we are in danger of earning reproaches of posterity, for we are giving little encouragment to the few rare, honest endeavours of the modern potter and carpenter; but if we are keen in our worship, this is undoubtedly one of the books to help us. We could only wish that the author had given us illustrations of specimens more within the reach of the average collector, instead of unique specimens from museums and rare collections.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

Agriculturists and other patriots will be committing a fault if they neglect to read Mr. Edwin A. Pratt's volume on **The Organization of Agriculture** (5s. net). The old, old grievance of the farmer against the railway company is carefully inquired into, and the conclusion arrived at is that the farmer must do his part if there is to be a fair bargain, but that the railway company is quite willing to meet him half way. The questions of co-operation, combination, schools, village banks, and everything kindred to agricultural prosperity seem to have been practically and thoroughly inquired into, and the result is encouraging in so far as it goes to prove that Britons have their chance if they will rise and take it. Useful comparisons are made with numerous other countries, and a fund of expert information is given.

Mrs. Colquhoun Grant has translated from "Les Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy" portions of first-hand intimate history which she presents in a volume called **The French Noblesse of the Eighteenth Century** (12s. net). It is a piquant, biassed chronicle of the time of the Revolution—and before and after. The Marquise did not love the English, so those who are not amused at her spleen may be bitter at her unfairness; but neither did she love the Germans, or the Swiss, or Talleyrand, or—but we will not catalogue the lady's enemies, for they serve us well in drawing out her "wit," as she calls it. The journal is extremely amusing and enlightening; it is written by a clever, partial, wide-eyed woman, who makes her friends and enemies move and talk—and even think—before us.

MR. JOHN LONG.

Out of what is a very ordinary main theme Violet Tweedale has woven a somewhat uncommon story and called it **The Hazards of Life** (6s.). A man's wife deserts him, and in time he marries again; some little while later the first wife, supposed to be dead, returns. This is bald and hackneyed enough, of course; but in this story the man and the second wife are distinct and forcible characters, they have both known bitter trouble, and they both look at life from an unusual standpoint. Added to this the position is rendered more complicated by the fact that the man and all his family are Roman Catholics, and the second wife has been of that faith. There is a serious, unexpected atmosphere about the story, which takes place partly in the Holy Land, partly in Wales.

"Twelve months' hard labour" was the term of imprisonment dealt out to the hated husband of Mr. Richard Marsh's young heroine in **Miss Arnott's Marriage** (6s.); and during that term the young heroine came into wealth, love, and much that it is good to have in life. The secret tie of a criminal husband was, however, direful for this unfortunate wife; but the fair new possessions of his wife were an anticipated joy to the criminal husband when he had "done his time." Mr. Marsh has made an attractively sensational story out of the situation and its shocking results; and his lovers—at times a Beatrice-and-Benedick couple—are full of character and spontaneity.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

It is well for those counties which have a Miss Gertrude Jekyll in their midst; for if anything can preserve the best of what is old and influence for good the modern taste, it is the personal example of such as Miss Jekyll and the publication of such books as her latest volume, **Old West Surrey** (13s. net). Nothing seems to have escaped Miss Jekyll's eye in her affectionate search for, and preservation and presentation of the beautiful, sensible, unpretentious possessions and usages and habits of the past and passing generations. In many of these, naturally, we can trace kinship with other and far-away counties. In our appreciation of what is old, however, we must not be intolerant or arbitrary, and forget that many of these ways and things were "fashionable" in their day; and if no one had followed them, or bought them, as the case may be, we should not now have them to admire and regret. This book is absorbing and genuinely valuable, with its notes on old buildings, furniture, crockery, country implements, dress, and so forth; but we differ from Miss Jekyll as to the admirability of that country wedding (old style), p. 264. To us it sounds a bleak affair for the great day of a lifetime.

MR. JOHN LANE.

A beautiful book in every way is **A Masque of May Morning,** by W. Graham Robertson (5s. net). With song, recitation, and colour design the author-artist has brought the gradual awakening, the tremor, the hope, the joy, the very spirit of spring into his book. As a "Masque" for presentation, the work is well suited; for perhaps the greatest charm of the composition lies in its simplicity; while each character—the months, the flowers—is clearly defined; and the loveliness of the grouping is swiftly imagined as one reads. The songs of the flowers are exquisitely delicate, tender, and expressive, showing as subtle an understanding of nature as of fairyland and a child's mind.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK AND CO.

There seems to be an endless demand for the "mysterious murder" story, and an endless supply of "mysterious murder" stories to meet this demand. Mr. H. Barton Baker, in **Two Men from Kimberley** (3s. 6d.), has added another to the list, and has succeeded in filling over three hundred pages with vivid sensationalism which never flags. One man from Kimberley travels home to learn from his guardian a secret which is to be told him after his twenty-fifth birthday; he finds the guardian lying murdered in his dining-room. As for the other man from Kimberley—"murder glittered in his eyes"; and well it might, he was surcharged with it. Coincidence may be a little strained in this fearsome narrative, but it is exciting enough.

MR. FISHER UNWIN.

China from Within, by Arthur Davenport (6s.), should be read by every one who cares for his country's honour, and, more especially, by all those who are so eager to drag her name in the dust. It refutes the accusation so glibly brought against us of our responsibility for the opium curse of China, and for the lives of the Christians who have been sacrificed in that country. Mr. Davenport marshals his points, and brings his evidence. He provokes argument, of course, but that, we do not doubt, is what he will enjoy. At any rate the book should be read.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

Perhaps what we most envy the Japanese, when all is said and done, is their happiness. They are the happiest people in the world. Mr. H. Irving Hancock in his new book, **Japanese Physical Training** (5s. net), gives the reasons for this, and for the fact that they are very strong and healthy also. With something of surprise we realise how much the Japanese think of the matter of physical strength, how thoroughly they have studied the means of obtaining it, how long they have been training for the part they are playing to-day. Diet, exercise, cleanliness, temper, athletics, tricks of combat, agility, all that tends to the full development of strength—these things are written of here. We ourselves must make allowances for differences of climate, and must pause, we think, before we order in rice by the hundred-weight; but Mr. Hancock's book is a good lesson well presented.

MESSRS. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

In reading Mr. L. A. Talbot's novel, **Lance-in-Rest** (6s.), one can understand and treat with respect the aims and restrictions of the Magpie Club, that amateur literary club of which Mr. Talbot is a member. The early chapters of this book show a quiet dignity, a largeness of conception, an individuality such as marked the style of some of the most excellent novels of the best years of the end of the past century. There are traces here of that grand manner which is a gift when it comes to the young, and a quality acquired later only by the few. "Lance-in-Rest" is Agatha, the less common daughter of a country vicar, and her development, though along rather unexpected lines, is unhesitatingly portrayed. Construction is what Mr. Talbot must chiefly care for.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

Here is brought together in one volume—**The China Martyrs of 1900** (7s. 6d.)—the story of the terrible massacres and wonderful escapes which make those months in 1900 stand out as a companion horror with the Indian Mutiny. Mr. Robert Coventry Forsyth, who has written and compiled the account, gives a complete roll of the dead heroes and heroines, and often lets the survivors tell their own tales. The book is an impressive example of the strength of religion both in missionary and native, it is a chronicle of heroism, and to us it seems that not the least heroic were the pastors who recanted formally lest they should force massacre or the temptation of recantation on their whole churches. Whether mistaken or not, it was a fine spirit. Nearly a hundred and fifty portraits and other illustrations are included.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER AND CO.

There is naturally much of sadness mingled with the pleasure of reading Mr. Seton Merriman's last book, **Tomaso's Fortune** (6s.). In it we find in little those strong yet delicate qualities which have caused his work to appeal so forcefully to a reading public of such varied tastes and intelligences, and his death to come to us as the loss of a personal friend. In "Tomaso's Fortune," the title story of this collection, we have the old familiar clean-cut sentences, the scene presented in a terse paragraph, the character impressed by a thought or a line or two of dialogue. In "Sister" and in "Stranded" we get Merriman in widely different backgrounds, but always Merriman, with the sure hand, the sympathetic heart, the restrained pen. Here is a volume to help us in our loss even while it impresses the same.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

Mr. Jack London's stories of the North, which he has gathered together in the volume entitled **The Faith of Men** (6s.), are of the kind which prove the worth of strength when strength has necessarily to be independent of beauty. Now and again Mr. London gives us a glimpse of the beautiful or the picturesque, but generally he relies on brute strength, and generally the effect is good. Here again we get the sled dog as a vivid character, but this time as a bad one; here again we feel the coldness of the country "where whisky freezes solid and may be used as a paper weight for a large part of the year"; here again we watch and listen to men—and women—who, as the saying goes, "live close to Nature." Living close to nature has not always the result one surmises from the study of so-called "Nature-books," and some of these unsurmised results form the stories which Mr. London tells with succinct force.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG AND CO.

A chronicle of unhappy loves and engagements and non-engagements comes to us in Miss Dora Russell's novel, **Rose Fleming** (6s.). The beautiful, poor, proud girl and the beautiful rich younger girl, who care for one another, are constantly crossing one another's lives, and stern circumstance moulds their natures beneath our eyes. It is a mild story of love and vicissitudes, with several persons left happy in the last chapter.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

In spite of the portrait at the beginning of Mr. Chris Healy's book, one takes courage from the title, **Confessions of a Journalist** (6s.), and reads on into this unconventional record with amusement and interest. Mr. Healy chronicles many of his young impressions and admirations, indeed one can see that there are many which he has not yet grown out of; for he was, presumably, one of a circle tacitly sworn to the hero-worship of certain men whom to admire was to count oneself the real Bohemian. To us, however, he is even more entertaining when he goes on to tell of his actual journalistic work, the making of papers and the daily filling of them. There have to be adventures for this, and Mr. Healy has been through a few. A lively record.

MR. SIDNEY APPLETON.

The anonymous novel **I** (6s.), "In which a woman tells the truth about herself," is the study of a woman's dual nature, in which the higher nature always asserts itself in the long run in spite of, and in the face of, dangers and temptations. The study runs into a sympathetic love story, written with facility and sympathy, in which the young wife, the "I" of the title, is watched over, loved, and finally made happy, by a stern, middle-aged doctor, who is drawn to her against his will, and unsuspected by the woman herself. The story is never dull, which is saying much for a novel of womanly introspection.

MESSRS. GIBBINGS AND CO., LTD.

In **The Nature Library,** an excellent series of volumes published by Messrs. Gibbings and Co., Ltd., are included several works from the pen of Dr. J. E. Taylor, dealing with plants, insect-life, birds, fossils, and other subjects of interest to the naturalist, botanist, and geologist. They are written in a popular and fascinating style, but they none the less show the result of systematic observation and careful thought, and they thoroughly succeed in an endeavour to attract the attention of those who are students in the school of Natural History. "The Nature Library" also includes "Science in Arcady," by Grant Allen, and J. G. Wood's "Man and Beast, Here and Hereafter." It is to be hoped that the publishers will continue to add new volumes from time to time to this useful and handy series. The books are freely illustrated.

New Books of the Month.

APRIL 15TH TO MAY 15TH, 1904.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABBOTT, EDWIN A.—Paradosis, 7s. 6d. net ... (A. and C. Black)

ARMSTRONG, RICHARD A., B.A.—The Trinity and the Incarnation, 2s. net ..... (Philip Green)

CAIRNS, REV. PRINCIPAL, D.D.—Christ and the Christian Faith. Present Day Papers. 6d. (Religious Tract Society)

CARPENTER, J. ESTLIN.—Les Evangiles. D'après la Critique Moderne. Traduites de l'Anglais par James Hocart. 1s. net ..... (Fischbacher, Paris, and Essex Hall, Strand)

DANIEL, REV. EVAN, M.A.—The Heavenly Feast: A Companion to the Altar, 9d. net ..... (Wells Gardner)

This small book of devotions is particularly to be commended. The service itself is admirably free from distractions; and in addition there is a Spiritual Communion section for those unable to attend public service. Many beautiful hymns, some of which have been newly translated from the Latin, have been included, together with some which are original.

FRASER, ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.—Biographia Philosophica: A Retrospect, 12s. 6d. net ..... (Blackwood)

GARVIE, ALFRED E., M.A., D.D.—The Gospel for To-day, 2s. net ..... (Inglis Ker, Glasgow)

HUNTER, REV. A. MITCHELL, M.A.—Daniel, and the Age of the Exile. Temple Series of Bible Hand-books. 9d. net. (Dent)

JEFFERSON, CHARLES EDWARD.—Things Fundamental: Discourses in Modern Apologetics, 6s. (Brown, Langham and Co.)

KENNEDY, REV. H. A. A., M.A., D.Sc.—St. Paul's Conceptions of the Last Things, 7s. 6d. net ... (Hodder and Stoughton)

MACCULLOCH, J. A.—Religion: Its Origin and Forms, 1s. net (Dent and Co.)

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